

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 16, 1983

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Gretzky's Magic



**The Oilers
fashion
a dynasty**

**The quest
for the Cup**

Centre Wayne Gretzky



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 16, 1981 VOL. 36 NO. 20

COVER

The Oilers go for the Cup

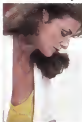
The Edmonton Oilers have landed in the NHL finals after only four years in the league. At the centre of attention is the roverer as skates, Wayne Gretzky. But even the Great One admits that one player cannot do it all. This year Edmonton has lost a mature team that is intent on fulfilling Gretzky's greatest goal in hockey, the Stanley Cup. — **Page 24**

(Cover illustration by Bruce McEwen)



The Tories' watershed week

Ontario Premier William Davis' decision not to run for the Tory leadership caused a visible shift in the fortunes of the three leading candidates. — **Page 10**



The high-tech job threat

A secret government analysis paints a bleak picture of rising unemployment as a result of technological and structural change in the workplace. — **Page 32**



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Stormy route to the summit

Leading up to this month's economic summit in Williamsburg, tensions between U.S. and European leaders threaten to split the transatlantic alliance. — **Page 18**



A long ancient evening

At an 11-hour ritual based on ancient Egyptian texts, in the haunts and most outlandish creation from occultic composer R. Murray Schafer. — **Page 22**



Once again individual professional players from the National Hockey League, whose teams had nowhere else to go this spring, travelled to Europe to join Team Canada—and once again Canadian skaters lost to the mighty Soviets. Why the international hockey rite of spring takes place on their terms is a mystery almost as enduring as Alan Eagleson's temper tantrums at rinkside.

Fortunately, Canadians have an adequate distraction. He is Wayne Gretzky, the wonderkid on blades with number 99 on his back. Literally, Gretzky skates at the centre of a dynasty on the rise in a town that scrapes the same latitude as Minsk. Quite simply, the Edmonton Oilers play hockey that equals that of the Soviets.

With the opening game of the Stanley Cup finals upon the head, MacKenzie's turned to a seasoned expert to report this week's cover story—Terry Jones, a 35-year-old columnist for *The Edmonton Sun*.

MacKenzie and MacKenzie

Jones drew on his coverage of Gretzky and the Oilers throughout the season and on research over the past 10 years for his book, *The Great Gretzky*.

In Toronto, Assistant Managing Editor Colin MacKenzie played into his rendering of the piece (page 88). MacKenzie has kept his head up for the Oilers "ever since the great heartbreak and incredibility" for Canadians fans two years ago when Edmonton ousted Montreal in three straight games. Researcher Ann MacKenzie brought her own expertise to the churning process. She recalls watching Bobby Orr play in her hometown, Ont., home town. Says MacKenzie: "I'm was spectacular, but Gretzky outshines him." In the next two weeks, number 99 will have ample opportunity to confirm the point.

Kevin Doyle

MacKenzie's May 16, 1992

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TRS 80 #1



A fallacious argument for buying a BMW.

BMW sales rose in 1982.
People looking for value in hard times?
Not entirely.

First, some undisputed facts. The BMW 733i (longer) costs about \$40,000. No prizes, and yet in the economic calamity that was Canada in 1982, its sales increased. As did those of BMW's mid-sized sedan, the \$26,000 528e, and, at opposite ends of the price scale, those of the \$45,000 luxury coupe, the 630CS, and BMW's small sedan, the \$16,000 320i.* Four cars, four sales increases—and BMW only sells four models in Canada.

Value for money. We've heard it said that BMW's success is based by what marketing people call "high perceived value", or what we prefer to call value for money. In our less than humble opinion, no North American luxury car approaches BMW quality. Equally, few cars, if any, domestic or import, achieve a BMW's unique blend of high quality (in how well it's thought out, how well it's put together and how well it goes) with prices that make sense for what you get.

For example, the 733i costs only a few thousand dollars more than Detroit's principal offerings, and some \$17,000 less than the only car that can hold a candle to it.

The fallacy exposed. It can be argued that BMWs might be expected to sell well, even in these hard times, to the opinion leaders, mavens and others who are moved by such logic. And who runs the wheelwright to judge their convictions, we might add. However, having constructed the argument, we'll knock it down.

You don't need a BMW any more than you need good clothes or a nice holiday. All anybody



Leather upholstery, wood trim and plush carpeting are all expected here. But it is the business aspect of the surroundings that most distinguishes 733i newsmen. "It looks like an airport cockpit," is one frequent comment. Not audaciously so, but BMW deserves that drizzle, like flying, is a serious business.

really needs is jeans, a day trip to Buffalo, Bellingham, or Burlington, VT, and a hatchback with bench seats and an AM radio.

The real reason to buy a BMW is because it welcomes you into the driver's seat. On today's clogged and frantic highways, driving may rarely be unadulterated "fun", but it is certainly far more satisfying when done in a BMW.

Serious business. The flagship of BMW sedans is a prime example.

As might be expected of a luxury sedan, the 733i offers space and superb comfort to its passengers. But you only have to see the driver's cockpit and the dash—especially when lighted up at night—to know that this is serious business.

The 733i is designed and crafted for people who will not accept that a big car must, almost by definition, be clumsy and wobbly-wobbly. It is meant to be driven, and driven well; it accelerates readily, brakes impressively, is sure and predictable in every response. The BMW 733i is not only a luxury sedan, it is first and foremost a sports sedan.

The raison d'être. To go well is the raison d'être of any BMW. It is a happy plus, you might say, that BMWs are eminently practical, that it makes at least as much sense to possess one as it does to buy any other object that's more than utilitarian.

Drop in to a BMW dealer and, to borrow a word oft-used in restaurants, "Enjoy."

*Manufacturers' suggested approximate prices. Dealers may sell for less.

The BMW 733i is a spacious, elegant sedan with a "luxurious beauty" in that it offers a strong—just power and a bit. The 733i has 200 hp in total 8.5 liter and is remarkably agile, partly because of what Car and Driver magazine described as "the most significant breakthrough in front suspension design in a decade."



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FOLLOW-UP

USA Today presses on

More than one million Americans now glean their news from the national daily USA Today, a flashy newspaper launched experimentally in Washington and Baltimore last Sept. 18, which is now available in 12 major U.S. metropolitan markets following its New York City debut last month. Eight months after its start, the bristly, 40-page paper has become what its parent, the giant communications firm of Gannett Co., designed it to be: the first-ever mass-audience national daily in the United States.

Dubbed "McPaper," because of a journalistic style some critics say resembles fast food, the 25-cent USA Today does not pretend to be an in-depth newspaper and it is not designed to compete with the other U.S. national dailies—The Wall Street Journal and The New York Times. Explained John J. Curley, 44, the paper's first editor, who was recently promoted to the position of senior vice-president of Gannett Co.: "We have designed a format for people on the move who want to get a lot of information fast." Curley's editorial philosophy is not shared by all of his staff. Observed one writer: "The space allowed for articles is just too short for substance. There is a joke in the office that for USA Today to win a Pulitzer Prize, the committee would have to invent a new category—the investigative paragraph."

USA Today bears a greater resemblance to local TV news than to the traditional daily newspaper. Major stories on news, money, sports and lifestyle generally do not run longer than 300 to 400 words. The paper comes closest to television in the Technicolor revolution it has brought to the newspaper world. Computer-controlled laser scanners assure the excellent quality of USA Today's colorful weather maps, photographs, charts and graphics. At 27 printing plants, plates are made from images beamed from a satellite whose signals originate at the paper's headquarters in Ewing, Va., across the Potomac River from Washington.

Not intended to compete with any local newspaper, USA Today is what the paper's president, Vincent E. Spasiano, calls a "second buy" for both readers and advertisers. While the paper has not affected the sales of small suburban dailies or the large national, USA Today has taken a distinct bite out of

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the market of the million-sold dailies Carl Shuster, senior vice-president for marketing at the San Francisco Chronicle and San Francisco Examiner, noted that USA Today has daily print-circulation strength, taking 1,000 copies away from *Examiner* street sales. But he claimed that about 40 per cent of the 40,000 to 50,000 papers printed in the Los Angeles and San Francisco markets were returned to the street each day. USA Today refused to comment on specific figures but allowed that there was an overall return rate of 10 per cent.

USA Today has had a strong impact on Wall Street, where the stock in Gannett's \$1.5 billion communications empire has shot up by 90 per cent since last August, when Gannett Chairman Allan H. Neuharth, 59, announced the launch of USA Today, his pet project. Although the paper lost an estimated \$30 million in 1982 and may lose another \$50 to \$80 million this year, much of the cost has gone toward improving existing Gannett-owned printing plants, to the benefit of other Gannett newspapers. USA Today is also having an impact on the printed word in the United States. Observed Adweek, the bible of the advertising industry: "With grudging respect, editors at major dailies are tightening their stories and offering more of them, studying USA Today's use of clean graphics and stumbling after the crisp color reproduction that seems to be making its mark on the newsworld."

For all its success thus far, USA Today faces a major test in the next few months. The paper's executives admit that if they are to reach their goal of 3.5 million readers by 1987—a five-per-cent market share of U.S. newspaper buyers—the advertisers must respond positively. A "penetrating plan," where advertisers get five space days for USA Today's start-up is return for committing themselves to buy space later in 1983, has ended, and all new advertising will now be billed at rates of more than \$15,000 for a full color page. The newspaper estimates that to be profitable, it will need 12 pages of advertising a day and sales of two million copies. Advertising officials say that they now average nine pages.

With the success of Gannett's bold venture into the national news market, Neuharth has reportedly demonstrated that he is worth his \$1-million-a-year salary package he has backed both an economic recession and a long-established notion that Americans do not want to read a national newspaper. For better or for worse—the TV news—USA Today looks as if it is here to stay. And its journalistic approach, as well as its technology, will likely have repercussions throughout all of the print media of North America.

—DANIEL B. HARRIS in Washington



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CITY SCENE

Rocking the legal boat



Harvey: hard times are forcing the legal profession to loosen up

By Shona McKay

Toronto's law-loving Bay Street lawyers do not reach high enough to block the new streaming into the ground-floor law office of Joan Harvey Associates. Inside, an overcast view of the city is visible through the ceiling-high street window, where passers-by can read that an initial consultation with a lawyer costs \$17.50, a simple will \$100 and an uncontested divorce \$450. The outcropping shop sits in a marked contrast to the austere facades and closed doors of Toronto's neighbouring business districts. But the openness is deliberate. Like her other two storefront law offices in Toronto, Joan Harvey's Bay Street shop is designed with the customer in mind.

Harvey, 31, is a forerunner in Canada in her approach to the law. The visibility of her prices has just within the restrictions on advertising set by the Law Society of Upper Canada, which governs the activities of Ontario lawyers. Along with 18 other regulatory law bodies from across the country, the Law Society of Upper Canada last year agreed before the Supreme Court of Canada that provincial law societies should rule on the question of a lawyer's right to advertise. In August the Supreme Court decided in their favor. The ruling, in which Mr. Justice William Estey stated that "the general public is not in a position to appraise adequately the need for legal services," was a disappointment to many of Canada's law-

yers. Susan Harvey "It is typical of the Canadian legal profession, which is, by nature, conservative."

Still, there are clear signs that the status quo is changing. Harsh economic times, a glut of young law graduates and increasingly aware consumers are forcing lawyers to emerge from their oak-paneled rooms to serve their living. "We have been acting like we were still in the 19th century," admitted Yves Fortin, 47, president of the Canadian Bar Association and an advocate of a more publicly responsive law. "The times are demanding that the law profession loosen up."

More than any other factor, money—or the lack of it—is driving the armor of legal tradition aside. The recent slowdown in the corporate and legal sectors has resulted in the layoffs of lawyers, in law firm mergers and in a good deal of competition within the legal trade. Susan Fortin: "Many lawyers have been forced to the conclusion that it is a competitive world out there."

The tight market for legal services has also created a controversy over the number of new lawyers entering the field each year. In Ontario 45 per cent of this year's 968 graduating law students have yet to find jobs. The Law Society of Upper Canada, which has been examining the issue for the past two years, recently concluded that there are more lawyers than required. However, the society is reluctant to alter the situation. "Any move to limit the number of entrants would lead to cries of price-

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For instance, the two cars share an outstanding new front-end suspension design, described as "the single most significant breakthrough in front suspension design in a decade."

They also share a body design that offers ample room, harmonious colour schemes—and the care and craftsmanship that go into every BMW.

Now comes the difference. The 528e boasts 10 seconds, 0-100 km/h. Which is, of course, brisk indeed. However, if your selection is predicated on driving the fastest, most agile, the gaudy 88Mw in the country, there's nothing else for it but the new 528i.

It enjoys all the incredible precision and quality of the 528e, all of its ample power. Plus the exhilarating ability to burst around somebody when it is prudent to luck in quickly. 100km/h reached in about 7.5 seconds. What a glorious car!

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COLUMN

Easing the pain of taxes

By Brian Cohen

Although the annual income tax ritual may be out of the way for another year, it really does never stop. The average Canadian taxpayer pays in income tax the amount equivalent to his gross salary for the months of January, February, March and part of April. But the taxing doesn't stop there. It takes another several weeks—until the beginning of June—before taxpayers start working "for themselves." The income taxes paid by Canadians, estimated to rise to about \$40 billion this year, are not sufficient to satisfy the appetites of voracious governments. Then we have sales tax, property tax, water tax, estate tax, entertainment tax and what-have-you taxes—in fact, so much tax that Statistics Canada takes 66 pages of fine type to list the principal taxes imposed by Canadian authorities. Random samples of families across the country invariably reveal that fully 60 per cent, and in some cases 50 per cent, of people's gross incomes goes to taxes.

If we did not have to pay all the direct and indirect taxes that are levied on just about everything we see, smell, touch, hear or taste, we would get our full wages and salaries without deductions. We would also be able to buy for half of what it now costs to live in the country and larger for approximately a third of the current price. What would we have to do without? The Canada Pension Plan and the Canada Assistance Plan, just to name two things. Barring, poor Canadians would not have the guaranteed income supplement to the old-age pension. We would not have medicine and hospitalization in the form we now have them. Nor would we have some of the most generous unemployment benefits in the world. In fact, there is probably not a single person in the country who would deny that many Canadians are better off today because of these programs.

But, the strategies that successive finance ministers have inflicted upon us already incomprehensible tax system have solidified my view that the costs of our present tax system now outweigh the benefits. Taxation without representation—which is how I define an unreasonable system—deserves a prompt for government. That concept prompts across the aging ground economy, consisting of services performed for cash, bartering and people holding down more than one job—almost ex-

hausted in Canada 10 years ago—is now estimated to have slipped between \$12 billion and \$15 billion out of the economy. Not only does the present tax system make criminals out of an ever-growing segment of the population but it decreases involvement in productive economic activity and increases the amount of time, talent and energy devoted to the avoidance of taxes. Productivity has become a buzz word, yet nowhere is it related to the fact that more and more honest Canadians are simply springing out of the visible economy.

Given the present tax system, which encourages Canadians to act increasingly discouraging, a simple, straightforward and flat rate of tax on personal income is well worth considering. As a substitute for the mass of deductions, deferrals, exemptions and shelters that now cloudloads us, a uniform tax of between 37 and 38 per cent would raise as much money as the present tax parts.

'The present convoluted taxation system makes criminals out of an increasingly big segment of the population'

no government suffers. The specific percentage is not really critical (although all studies indicate that it would be relatively low), what is important are the attributes. In the first place, for those who are not tax evaders, the tax is regressive (they say that the poor will pay more, the rich less); it should be clearly stated that the poorest will pay nothing; a personal reasonable standard would solve that problem. Second, income would be taxed only once, no matter what its source. Third, whether income is derived from interest, dividends, rents, fees or salaries, it would be taxed at the same flat rate. For instance, in 1979 federal statistics showed total personal income in Canada of \$228 billion, from which, based on the present convoluted tax system, Ottawa collected \$27 billion in income tax. However, under a flat tax rate, assuming a personal allowance deduction of \$25 billion, 37 per cent of the remaining taxable personal income of \$183 billion would have yielded the same \$27 billion.

The concept of a single flat tax rate can be extended to business. Instead of the present complex system of deductions for depreciation, interest, but without investment tax credits and other "incentives," the tax for a business tax would be gross revenue minus the purchases of goods and services and compensation paid to employees. Even allowing for a straightforward first-year write-off of all business investments, a single tax rate of 37 per cent would pay as much corporate tax as the present system. But it would have the advantage of being understandable to the vast majority of Canadians.

Indeed, far from being regressive, a simplified flat tax rate would favourably affect the poor: first it would eliminate all taxes, not just income taxes, for the poorest segment of society. Furthermore, it is reasonable to assume that the low marginal tax rate would bring back a lot of economic activity that has been driven underground. Second, built into the system, it would once again be recorded in the gross national product, and there is little doubt that productivity would rise drastically.

It is also reasonable to assume that both individuals and businesses would spend less time figuring out how to avoid paying taxes and more time working productively to earn more money. And if people had higher incomes, governments would have more money to redistribute. Even if they do choose to spend it on frivolous studies that show that men average 41 seconds in the washroom per visit and women 75 seconds, as a study cited in one auditor-general's report revealed, it would not even be necessary that a flat tax on Canadians would be more inclined to buy more Canadian goods and services (The late, the Chomel Islands and Hong Kong—have adopted a version of the flat-tax system, and it is working very well for them).

Canadians are not the only people to recognize that the benefits of real, honest tax reform are more than economic in nature. Studies conducted in the United States confirm that a flat tax would not only save an equivalent amount of money to that now being raised, or more, but, in the words of Robert Hall and Alvin Rabushka, two researchers at Stanford University's Hoover Institute in California, the flat-rate tax system "would help restore confidence in government and would support the basic humanity of people."

Brian Cohen is a Montreal-based economics writer.

Clark or Crosbie. It might even have driven Laughlin into the Maloney camp. As a result, some of the Maloney's workers hoped that Davis would join the fray. But Maloney's Ontario chairman, Michael McGehee, is convinced that the prize would have been short-lived. In a final ballot race between Maloney and anyone else, the man Maloney feared most was Davis, he said. "If Davis could have got by the hurdle of the first ballot, he would have had a shot at it," McGehee retorted.

Most of the candidates will pick up pieces of Davis' Ontario apparatus. In fact, large parts of it had returned to Stefan Thelen made his final declaration. Most of the camps have Queen's Park organizers in key positions—Crosbie's campaign manager, John Leuchinger, Maloney's campaign manager, Paul Wink, and Clark's campaign manager, William McKenna, are all former Davis men.

As the eventful week drew to a close, each of the candidates fired new challenges. Clark, the gentleman who had slipped from his pedestal, had to find a way to regain his lost stature. If he failed, he could forfeit both the respect of some of his own supporters and his potential for gaining votes after the first ballot.

Crosbie, who once stands a strong third—possibly even second—must do his best to convince Clark's supporters to choose him over the former prime minister. That would make him an ideal compromise candidate. At the same time, he has to keep his own delegates in line so he won't make a wrong first-ballot showing.

For his part, Maloney tried to prove to the delegates that he is more than a man with a mouthful of one-liners. With no political track record to fall back on, he has to prove—particularly outside Quebec, where he remains something of an unknown quantity—that he has policies and principles. Should he succeed, he might cause what some Clark supporters—perhaps apprehensively—refer to as his "new-old AEM (Anybody But Maloney) movement."

In the meantime, the best thing that could happen to Maloney would be an endorsement from Laughlin. And—as he frequently mentions to be—the Minister was in the right place at the right time. On Sunday afternoon Laughlin was to receive an honorary doctorate from St. Francis Xavier University. Sitting beside him at the platform was the university's star athlete and fund-raising champion, Brian Maloney. The script seemed almost too perfect. But winning the June 11 convention will take more than that kind of clever staging.

With Brian Kelly in Toronto.



Bennett campaigning: British Columbians stayed with the devil they knew best

Bennett wins the match

By Malcolm Gray

British Social Credit supporters began filing the ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver hours before the first tally of returns from the British Columbia election. But the men they had come to greet—Premier William Bennett—was 240 km away accepting congratulations in his South Okanagan riding headquarters in Kamloops. There, Bennett got a bug from his 83-year-old mother, Mary—widow of

who had not voted for him. Warning that tough economic times were not over, he declared, "There will continue to be people unemployed, and I will work for them; there will continue to be problems for our business community, and I will work for them."

In the end, British Columbians stayed with the devil they knew best. They reversed the socialist-minded Social Credit government and, despite hard times, rejected a left-wing dream by the New Democrats. Bennett, in fact, largely sealed his own fate half-way through the campaign when he declared that he would lift the government out of government spending. The third confrontation between Bennett and Bennett in eight years may also have decisively settled one of Canada's most heated political groups. Premier Bennett, who has scored three straight wins over left leader Barrett since 1975, is likely to continue as a political force.

For Barrett, who spent the past four years trying to make himself and his party respectable, the Social Credit of four seats was a crushing rebuke. It also may mean the reinforcement of one of the most divergent forces in B.C. politics.

In contrast, Bennett's control over the Socialists—a coalition of former Liberals, Tories and right-wing populists—is more secure than ever. His grip was strengthened partly because of a well-organized campaign run by Conserva-

tive supporters. Even Ontario's Big Blue Machine. But even the Ontario press such as Bennett's executive director of the party, Jerry Langert, were nervous early in the campaign when polls taken by federal Conservative pollster Allan Glegg showed the Socialists gaining. The NDP started strongly with a promise of jobs financed by \$500 million in borrowed money. Bennett, meanwhile, was boosted by predictions that 200,000 would be unemployed in the once-prosperous province, and by charges that health-care costs were set to soar. That, in the manner of his father, Bennett sought to motivate by promising more retirement and sharpening that an NDP victory would "be chaos for the whole country."

The tactic worked again. Bennett ads depicting Barrett as a socialist in power apparently convinced voters who might otherwise have been lured by months of Socialists' attacks aimed at doctors, nurses, teachers and union members. Largest subsidies that the Socialists oversaw their recent troubles by taxing the rich at his own pace—cutting and getting out the vote. "We took (the election) to the doorstep and we defeated them at the place they've got at," and Langert. It certainly seemed to work. Social Credit

picked up 69.7 per cent of the vote, the highest total in at least 25 years, while the NDP slumped to 44.8 per cent. That Social vote was apparently bolstered by Conservative and Liberal voters who abandoned their parties. The Liberals got 23 per cent, the Tories an ethereal 4.2 per cent.

But the Socialists certainly did not get much help from Bennett—at least at the beginning of the campaign. He seemed to stumble from one meeting to the next, fatigued and slurring his words. Then, halfway through the campaign, Barrett inadvertently handed Bennett a new lease on life. The vice leader, who is nothing if not blunt, said that he would abandon the government's wage restraint program on the public service. Until that statement, the Socialists had been defensively trying to explain away a series of well-timed leaks that showed the government was considering raising health-care fees. But with Bennett's political blunder, Bennett's 10-hour days suddenly started to count. The premier charged that the cost of eliminating what had been the first wage restraint program in the country during this recession would be great.

Suddenly Barrett faced an uphill struggle. Bennett's warning that the

New Democrats were going to spend the province further into a recession fell on receptive ears in a province with a billion-dollar deficit. While the New Democrats proceeded to intensify the deficit to create jobs, Bennett stressed his megaprojects: the northeast coal development project, the new dam stadium and the redevelopment of False Creek in downtown Vancouver. Barrett, in turn, tried to ridicule Bennett's grandiose schemes. But he never managed to free him from the volume of his booming speaking words. Said a confident Barrett two days before the vote: "I have been defeated and I have risen again. I am a political phoenix. I am back again." By election night there was no more talk of political reform. Said Barrett during a grueling appeal to party workers: "I'm not going to make an announcement of what I'm going to do except to go to bed now." The tears glistening in his eyes indicated that the former social worker will spend some agonizing weeks with his family and wife, Shirley, deciding his personal future. NDP Garry Loew, who, like Barrett, succeeded in killing his Vancouver seat, expressed sympathy: "Dave did a tremendous job and the best he could in the face of a multi-million-dollar machine."

But political phoebos can be ruthless

A jubilant Bennett on election night the stars under message that tough economic times were not yet over



when faced with a three-time loser. It is now almost certain that Barrett will quit, although there are no obvious candidates waiting to replace him. Also, Barrett's departure may ignite a fight between his moderate followers and the left-wingers who feel the ideological purity of the party has been tainted by the recent shift to the centre.

Meanwhile, the left-right split—should it develop—would further weaken an already dispirited party. Barrett, for one, is feared division in 1975 that he turned down a \$200,000 offer to host a radio debate show in an attempt to keep his party together.

But if Barrett's future plans were rudely disrupted by the election, there was another less obvious victim: William Vander Zalm, Bennett's controversial education minister and the darling of the party's right wing. Decided not to seek re-election, fearing a second defeat, his decision hinged on an NDP victory, after which he planned to emerge from his strategic retreat into the partisan supply business to lead the shattered Bennett back to glory. Last week, his scheme is already, Vander Zalm declared, "I'll be back but I'll probably be out of provincial politics for four years or so."

That leaves the top office in the province entirely to Bennett, who has already paid off all political debts that hinged after the 1969 1970 win. With no pretenses to keep, Bennett can now fashion a cabinet entirely to his own liking.

The triumphal premier—long dismissed as "mom-wat" after his larger-than-life father—tapped up to receive the accolades of his followers last week sporting the infelicitously wide lapels he habitually wears on election night. It was a kind of reminder that some things never change in British Columbia, but the imminent departure of Barrett and the endorsement of the Tory professionals from Ontario could signal the end of an era in provincial politics. On the election trail Barrett had a speaking style that recalled the days of the old Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and the socialist evangelism of Tommy Douglas and J.S. Woodsworth. That style will vanish, if Barrett does, as the two main parties devote their energies to outwitting, politicking and organization. "We had perhaps 35,000 volunteers working across the province, a far greater effort than anything Social Credit has ever done before," said opposition leader. The effort paid big dividends—and it sent a clear message to governments across Canada: voters uncompromisingly want restraint from their governments and their politicians. The free spenders face electoral doom. ☐



Grown mothers in distress: the consequences of a child out of an elbow.

Young mothers on their own

When she became pregnant four years ago, Linda was a 17-year-old part-time dishwasher in Halifax, her boyfriend was 19 and working as a temporary part-time mail-room clerk. She rejected abortion and giving up the baby for adoption. Nor did she think that being pregnant was "a good enough reason to get married." After Shanon was born, Linda moved into a small apartment with her mother and younger sister. The quarters were too cramped, however, and Linda applied for social assistance and found an apartment for herself and Shanon. "I didn't want to but I didn't have any other choice," said Linda.

After Sept. 1, other Nova Scotia women in similar circumstances will not even have Linda's option. Under legislation recently introduced in the Nova Scotia legislature, unpaid teenage mothers will no longer be eligible for provincial family benefits. The move, which will affect about 70 young women and their children every year, will save the provincial treasury \$650,000. According to Social Services Minister Edmund Morris, the cut is designed to force the parents of a teenage mother, as well as the father of the child, to accept the financial consequences of having a baby out of wedlock. Instead of an unwed mother receiving the monthly minimum of \$396 to offset rent and the cost of groceries, the province proposes to send \$65 a month to her parents.

The bill, now at third reading, has generated mixed reaction. The Halifax Chronicle-Herald applauded Morris for acting "harmlessly and sympathetically

but with the firmness which is sorely needed." But more than 30 community groups in the province protested the bill at the last week's meeting, submitting hearings last week. Katherine McDonald of the Social Policy Review Committee, a provincial umbrella organization of social workers, labor groups and social activists, said the legislation could result in the province "grabbing [babies] at the bedside" unless unwed mothers could prove they can support children. But a spokesman from Morris' office claims that Social Services would still provide direct assistance to a teenage mother if other alternatives were exhausted. Despite charges that the move will lead to more forced marriages and abortions, the government shows no signs of backing down. Linda is disappointed. Now 21, she is raising her son Shanon with money from her family benefit payments. She works part-time at a single parents' centre in suburban Halifax and attends Motherspace counselling sessions. Eventually, she hopes to go to college and work in social services because "I know about them," said Linda. "Nobody wants to be on social assistance." A lot of single mothers I know just count the days until their kids are out of diapers so they can get them into day care and get a job. I'm grateful for social assistance but, you know, it was a last resort. If I couldn't have gotten it, I would have had to give up my baby. And, if I had had to do that, I would have killed myself!"

—STEPHEN KIRWAN
in Halifax, with Cindy Barrett
in Toronto

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Moving grain: Peppin (right) recognizing the reality of deep-seated antipathy

Pepin concedes on the Crow

After three months of battling with farm groups and even members of the federal Liberal caucus, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin last week revised his planned changes to the controversial Crowfoot Pass grain freight rate. Still, Pepin did not acknowledge it, but he said only that he now recognizes the harsh reality of deep-seated antipathy against his goal of reversing the Crow, the artificially low rate that has been entrenched since 1935. "Politics is the art of the possible," declared Pepin. "When you run up against a wall, you bump your head against it only for so long and then you go around it."

The wall for Pepin was a mixed coalition that included the three Prairie wheat pools, the Quebec Federation of Agriculture and the government of Saskatchewan. Faced with petitions, angry marches on Parliament Hill and confrontations with strident members of the National Farmers' Union, the minister agreed to three major changes in his initial proposal to establish a new system of grain freight rates which he unveiled in February.

The government remains committed to spending \$37 billion on the antiquated western rail system by 1988 and it will maintain its commitment to provide an annual \$651-million subsidy to help pay for the movement of grain by rail. But Ottawa, it is a key concession, will pay the subsidy directly to the railways instead of splitting it between farmers and the railways. The direct payment will force CP Rail and Canadian National to account to the federal cabinet for the money that they receive

to haul grain. It is also intended to appease the wheat pools and Quebec livestock producers. The pools feared that a subsidy payment directly to farmers would not guarantee that the railways would upgrade the western network. Quebec livestock producers, on the other hand, felt that a subsidy paid to Prairie farmers would give them an unfair advantage if they used the money to expand their livestock production.

The other major shift by Pepin is his decision to link the new freight rate to the price of grain. Under the minister's original plan, the current Crow rate of a half a cent per tonne mile would have doubled by 1985 and increased by 400 per cent by 1991. The revision means that the new rate will fluctuate with the world price of grain, instead of increasing at a fixed rate. The food-consumers proposal alarmed farmers because grain prices are declining. The exact details of the pricing formula and a third change that will add specialty crops to those that made up the scheduled rates will be made public when the legislation is introduced in Parliament this week.

The federal government is also sticking to its determination to implement services for the start of the crop year on Aug. 1. But even Pepin's concessions may not go far enough to silence his critics. Saskatchewan Agriculture Minister Eric Bristow, who led a nationwide political lobby against the original plan, unveiled a batch of full-page ads in Ontario and Quebec newspapers, but refused to comment on the concessions until he can study the legislation. "I am not

about to be led down the garden path by the federal government," he declared. The reaction from Quebec Agriculture Minister Jean Gauthier was also muted. Fearing that the Quebec livestock industry will lose production to the West because of the massive federal subsidy, Gauthier said Ottawa may actually be giving disguised subsidies to western meat producers. "If foreign markets do not increase between now and 1990, western surplus producers will wind up in the East, in Quebec," Gauthier said.

For many Prairie farm groups, especially the 30,000-member Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, which spearheaded an intense lobby in Ottawa, the concessions are welcome. Still, the pool has a list of five further concerns, the most pressing of which is its fear that the railways may institute a system of variable or "incentive" rates that would impose higher rates on some Prairie branch lines.

The proposed changes have decidedly moderated some of the opposition, including that of the Quebec Liberal who had lined up against the original Pepin plan. But they have sparked anger in other quarters. Ronald Simpson, president of the Prairie Wheat Growers Association, said the new proposals will not end the traditional distrust in western agriculture, which has forced farmers to rely almost exclusively on the production of wheat and other grains because of artificially low freight rates. Said Simpson: "It's a western Canadian problem with a Quebec solution and it will cause problems for all of us." For Pepin, the concessions will not end the storms of protest over changes to the Crow, but they will lessen their intensity.

—DALE EHLER in Regina

Scrutinizing the Air Canada move

It was a disturbing spectacle that raised uneasiness and still unanswered questions. In a Commons committee room late last week, Air Canada Chairman Ronald Angoff and President Claude Taylor sat side by side and related often contradictory accounts of how the company chose its new \$35.7-million Montreal headquarters last year. The committee, made up of MPs, is trying to determine whether the Crown corporation struck a good bargain, and some opposition members sense a scam. Their investigation has been complicated by the fact that it is covering the same ground as a continuing RCMP investigation into the real estate selection. The MPs were further disoriented by reports that senior executives tried to borrow Arab money for the company last year, as well as by the revelation that the company is paying a secret bonus to high-level Quebec executives. By the end of last week's questioning testimony, MPs could only agree to continue questioning the two men next week. In the meantime, Liberal MP Maurice Deneau spoke for all his colleagues when he growled, "I wish Air Canada could get its act together."

The first hint of scandal erupted in the Commons two weeks ago when Nova Scotia Conservative MP Patrick Norrish criticized his parliamentary committee from prosecution for failing to outline the true location of a "secret abuse." This MP accused the House when he asked if the RCMP probe into the acquisition of Air Canada's Montreal headquarters stems from a \$3.6-million "contingency to defraud" that could involve Air Canada chairman and three others.

In testimony last week Angoff insisted that Air Canada executives ignored a consultant's report that opted for the First Quebec Corp. headquarters site which he favored. He charged that company executives could have been from a meeting last September and ordered that the report be rewritten. Then, based on the new report, they decided to buy 33 floors of Place Beaver Hall, constructed by Truist Equities Ltd. of Calgary. The final report recommended that the Truist option could cost anywhere from \$700,000 to \$2.2 million more than the First Quebec deal.

The charges and countercharges left unanswered a lot of baffling questions about the money-laundering Crown corporation to which the shareholders—the taxpayers—will seek answers. Said Liberal MP Pierre Dagenais, perhaps polemically: "We have not heard the last of this whole affair."

—MARY JANSKY in Ottawa

The stormy road to a summit

By Mari McDonald

The questions perplexing the Atlantic Alliance this week seemed almost irrelevant—who was coming to dinner? But the contentious two-star Paris Summit was sponsored by U.S. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan as a rehearsal for the Williamsburg summit of seven industrialized nations later this month. And the head count was important. In fact, the dinner seating in Paris restaurants have been shaping up during recent weeks as a reflection of the deepening rift between Washington and its European allies. Already at risk,

threatened to send only low-level officials. As one Western official observed, "A fourth-ranking civil servant can't talk to a minister." That shy attempt at subterfuge was only one symptom of the mounting tensions that seemed likely to make this week's closed-door meeting of trade, finance, energy and foreign ministers in Paris a serious curtain-rearer to the summit. French anger has been aroused in particular by Washington's hard-line economic policies and the strong desire. Many members of President François Mitterrand's government hold the United States at least partially respon-

sible for the reasons for the emerging accord is more pragmatic than philosopher Reagan tends. The Williamsburg spectacular to improve his domestic standing. He also cannot risk alienating European allies only months before the scheduled deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles—the cornerstone of his foreign policy. Indeed, the White House believes that the summit participants will be under such pressure to defend their various differences that disputes over trade differences could work the summit instead. Reagan would prefer the Williamsburg exchanges to be informal and con-



French students protesting economic austerity measures: anger aroused by Washington's hard-line policies

gulate over farm exports, the soaring dollar's strength and the Continent's participation in the Soviet natural gas pipeline. Europe has viewed the gastro-nomic accord as yet one more attempt by U.S. President Ronald Reagan to prepare for a U.S. policy relaxation atop at Williamsburg.

The French promptly refused Reagan's dinner invitation. An Elysée Palace official declared that the treasury secretary's overture was "more like a convention than an invitation." Then the West German and Italian found a more diplomatic way of registering their encores. They agreed to attend the dinner at the Pils-Catalina, presiding Gaston Léonard's ordinary shrine in the Rue de Badoulet, but they

table for France's recent austerity package, which last week brought students, shopkeepers and farmers onto the streets of Paris and several provincial cities. In a series of bloody confrontations with police, at least 80 people were injured and 60 arrests were made. At the international level, tensions on both sides flared last month over a series of suspect reports commissioned for pre-summit considerations. Most analysts predicted that the transatlantic dispute faded disappearing into what French Foreign Minister Claude Chaignon termed "progressive divorce." But last week, after intense secret negotiations, it began to appear that the marriage might still be saved. Washington made the most abrupt change of tactics

since its fundamental principles. Still, Washington's attempt to break Europe's trade with the Soviet bloc remains a major source of contention. After reluctantly lifting its disastrous sanctions against European companies shipping U.S. parts and technology to the Siberian gas pipeline last late year, Washington resorted to other means to press its case. Using the Paris-based International Energy Agency, it lobbied for a study on the Continent's dependence on Soviet gas. Then the Americans released the results of the four-month confidential survey last month. The report went far beyond the IEA's usual political neutrality, drawing conclusions that Washington itself might have tailored. The most controversial

recommendation: if gas dependence went beyond 30 per cent of a country's needs, it should agree to consultation with other nations in the 21-member body.

Austria, Sweden and Finland—all of whose Soviet energy imports exceed that level—led an organized attack on what was branded an "arbitrary and heavy-handed" approach. Last month Washington and the 30-per-cent ruling may be an exaggeration. But the watered-down conclusion will still be sent on to the summit after Canada's John Chretien and other energy ministers endorse that this week in Paris.

Meanwhile, through the 24-member secretariat of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), the Americans have carried out another study on the economics of trade deals with the Eastern bloc. That showed that trade between East and West is declining, leaving growing deficits with the Soviet Union as Western energy imports increase.

But the study's real importance lies in its conclusions. Washington has been pressing for a statement that trade with the Eastern bloc is harmful on purely economic grounds. But the Europeans see the issue in a different light. To them the question is one of sovereignty over foreign policy—the point that most irked Mitterrand and former West German chancellor Helmut Schmidt during last summer's pipeline auctions. Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has warned Washington that if it presses the East-West issue at Williamsburg, the Europeans will raise the uncomfortable issue of U.S. attempts to control the policies of U.S.-affiliated companies in other countries. In recent efforts to defuse that time bomb, Washington has agreed to curb a study of extraterritorial reach—also in dispute in Reagan's proposed amendments to the new Export Administration Act—over the ocean. It will report next September, when the summit is safely out of the way.

Still, the very bitterness of the disagreements has brightened the Atlantic partners into compromise. As tensions eased last week, the French agreed to Britain, John Leach, pointedly told a London financial audience that Washington did not want to make East-West trade the summit's major issue—an unspoken admission. French officials also indicated that the refusal to cede to dinner last week to show more than a difference of opinion, over how sanctions ought to be prepared. But the new climate of consultation could be misleading. As the emergence of the pipeline controversy only months after last year's summit's dramatic conclusion showed, the enforced camaraderie of summits around a dinner table can be highly deceiving. □

THE SOVIET UNION

Andropov hints at compromise

For some there will be no shortage of proposals before the summit, when U.S.-Soviet talks on intermediate nuclear forces (INF) resume in Geneva next week. After months of harsh exchanges, both sides seemed prepared last week to begin some hard bargaining. The U.S. delegation is expected to spend a month outlining the latest Reagan administration's plan, an interest accord that would set equal levels of Soviet SS-20 missiles and NATO's cruise and Pershing II systems, scheduled to be deployed in December. The Kremlin has already rejected the offer, but U.S. negotiator Paul Nitze

Still, Western reaction to Andropov's speech was largely positive. In Washington, President Ronald Reagan described it as "encouraging" because it conceded that "we should be negotiating warheads as well as missiles." The media 500 in a three-warhead workshop, while NATO's missiles carry a single warhead. Reagan added that the United States will give the idea "serious consideration." Then he declared: "You won't know until next month the table from then whether this was just propaganda or a proposal."

In Ottawa, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau called Andropov's proposal "a



Andropov: Western analysts warn against excessive optimism about an agreement

will be searching for subtle hints of compromise. Washington's team will also want to hear more about the Soviet proposal, disclosed last week by Premier Yuri Andropov. In a speech welcoming visiting East German leader Erich Honecker, Andropov agreed to negotiate equal levels of both missile launchers and warheads in Europe. The offer is conditional on NATO's willingness to abandon its own deployment of the intermediate-range weapons. It also assumes that NATO will agree to include French and British nuclear systems—not officially part of the alliance's defense in the event. But France and Britain have refused to allow their systems to be part of the Geneva talks.

step in the right direction," a phrase echoed by British Foreign Secretary Francis Pym. But Western analysts cautioned against optimism about a quick agreement. The Soviet insistence on including French and British systems, they contended, still constitutes the single most intractable issue at the INF talks. In testimony before a U.S. Senate panel last week, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger warned that if Moscow fails to move from that position, "it will bring the negotiations to a halt."

The Soviets contend that an accord that excludes the French and British systems—three are about 100—would leave Moscow more vulnerable than the West. As Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko put it last month: "An-

me that a terrible tragedy has occurred and that, say, a nuclear-tipped British missile is in flight! Should it carry the tag 'I am British'?

Britain and France claim that their systems are strategic, not tactical weapons. Unlike the 28-30, they are incapable of precision strikes against military targets and nuclear sites. They constitute, as British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said, "the absolute minimum" needed to deter attack. But they do not provide a first-strike capability. Nor would they protect Italy, West Germany or other nonnuclear nations against a Soviet attack. Indeed, most Western administration officials believe that the Soviet demand is merely designed to split the alliance.

Washington is also wary of the Kremlin's ongoing deployment of 28-30s in Soviet Asia. Roughly 100 missile sites have been completed, and more are under construction. The United States would like a Geneva agreement to cover all 28-30 sites, whether they are aimed at Western Europe, Japan or China. Moscow insists that the agreement should apply only to deployment west of the Ural Mountains. But it has not indicated whether missiles removed from the European theatre would be released to face other U.S. strategic allies or be completely dismantled.

Rouget is also under intense domestic pressure to make progress in the arms talks. The nation's Roman Catholic bishops last week overwhelmingly approved a controversial pastoral letter that lashed the use of nuclear weapons (see p. 10) and urged the president to halt further production. And after one of the largest debates in its history the House of Representatives passed a diluted version of a nuclear freeze resolution. The bill calls for a gradual negotiation "a mutual and verifiable freeze and reduction" in nuclear arsenals, a formulation ambiguous enough to allow both freeze advocates and opponents to claim victory. The measure now moves to the Republican-controlled Senate, where it will likely be defeated.

In addition, the Senate this week continued debate on the question of funding the 28-30 missile, which a bipartisan commission last month recommended be played in existing Minuteman sites. But three (Republican) senators, including two Republicans, last week advised Rouget that their support for the sec. will be limited to changes in the administration's stance of the strategic arms talks with the Soviets. As a result, Rouget is negotiating not only with the Kremlin, but with the growing army of critics at home and abroad. And Andropov's latest proposals will make his confrontation on the fence even more difficult.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington.

WEST GERMANY

The Hitler diaries hoax



Moore (above); Murdoch (below) grotesque forgery

The federal investigators did not merely discredit the diaries, they deftly demolished the reputations of all who had swallowed the bait. A mere 48 hours after beginning the examination of some of the 62 volumes, they were able to announce that the diaries had been written on cheap paper manufactured at least a decade after Hitler's death. The findings contained synthetic materials not available before 1945, and the glue used to affix top secret officers, allegedly signed by Nazi deputy leader Rudolf Hess, did not even exist until after the war. As if that were not enough, Federal Archives President Hans Rotermund noted that the diaries contained whole sentences—"even the mistakes"—from a 1968 book, *Hitler's Speeches and Proclamations*, compiled by

pointed to a moral that journalists around the world were quick to recognize. As the London-based publishing weekly *ELF* Press Gazette summed up: "Anyone who has been there will tell you that contempt at 'discovery' is compounded by office demands for secrecy. This is intended to protect our story and obscure the nature of when to publish. And faces might have been avoided if the order had been 'Back to the typewriter' before 'Out to the printing house'."

However, having made the wrong choice, Nannen did what he could to make amends. He promised to strip Sher's upcoming edition containing further extracts from the diaries and to reveal the name of the magazine's source this week. But the publisher simply "We have no reason to protect a supplier." Not only that, but on a Saturday *Stern* announced the resignations of two of its three chief editors—Peter Koch and Felix Schmidt. But Koch was not at the magazine's Hamburg headquarters. He was in South America with 40-year-old reporter Gerd Hinderbusch, whose story of the diaries, discovery went around the world. The two men were believed to be urgently seeking the mysterious sources of the documents. Reports in Hamburg said that Hinderbusch had first made contact

with the scores through former co-ed Wilfried Hillt, who was in charge of a wartime Nazi project to large Berlin ad agent Two years ago Hillt, who now lives in Austria, allegedly put Hinderbusch in touch with someone peddling "old Nazi documents" in South America.

In contrast to Nannen's chastened acceptance of blame, a "cocking vest," nothing gained" disclaimer by Times Newspapers Director of Corporate Affairs Arthur Britton seemed almost flippant. Britton acknowledged that the group had made a mistake but rejected a questionnaire's suggestion that it was not the sort of error readers expected of *The Sunday Times*. "It is not a matter in which we feel a sense of shame," stated Britton. "We shall go on publishing the newspapers and we think people will retain their loyalty."

Indeed, it was clear that senior executives at Times Newspapers felt the blame belonged elsewhere. Britton said that there would be "no inquiry" within the paper itself, and Times Newspapers owner and publisher Gordon Report Marchuk was emphatic about where the responsibility lay. After flying to New York by Condor at week's end, he claimed: "We said to Trevor Roper from the beginning that if there was a two per cent chance of the

diaries being fakes, he should let us know. He did not." The historian himself seemed to agree. "It was my fault," he said. "I should have decided to give my opinion so soon."

Murdoch's vehemence and Trevor Roper's humility, however, did not altogether jibe with reports that some senior *Sunday Times* staff members had expressed their skepticism about the diaries' authenticity from the start. Their doubts stemmed from an incident last December when Features Editor Magnus Lindaker reportedly turned down an offer of material from a "Hitler diary." A *Times* newspaper staffer told Murdoch that Marchuk had dumped the series on the paper because he believed he had struck a bargain. Explained the *Times* man, who asked to remain anonymous: "We could say that whatever the merit of *The Sunday Times*' position, there is almost a sense of relief among editorial staffers over the final verdict—they are off the hook now."

There is also a sense of many *Times* readers recall that the night before the first story was published, Deputy Editor Brian MacArthur proudly announced to the newsmen: "There will never be another front page like it." He was right. —Linda Dittus, in Toronto with *Edmond* Only in London, Peter Lewis in Brussels and Peter in Hamburg.

For weeks the West German magazine *Stern* had presented its sensational discovery of Adolf Hitler's "secret diaries" and, in the ensuing controversy, remained adamant their authenticity was beyond doubt. The *Sunday Times* of London surprised by the full scale of the investigation, a "mutual and verifiable freeze and reduction" in nuclear arsenals, a formulation ambiguous enough to allow both freeze advocates and opponents to claim victory. The measure now moves to the Republican-controlled Senate, where it will likely be defeated.

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German historian Max Domarus. The diaries, said Domarus sarcastically, were "a prototype and superficial forgery."

For *The Sunday Times*, which immediately announced that it was suspending publication of the diaries, the verdict was a double embarrassment. For one thing, its paper *Times* to be taken in *For* section, it was too late to prevent circulation of last Sunday's *Color Magazine*, with its cover title, *The Hitler Chronicle*, and a record in words and pictures of Hitler's rise and fall inside. For *Stern* Publisher Hans Nannen, who until last week had rejected calls for international journalistic standards, had eluded his confident expectation on his confidence that the find was legitimate. But last week the claims were all proven wrong. After investigations by dozens of journalists and two other federal bodies, West German Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann branded the diaries a fake.



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A breakthrough for peace

Members of the Israeli cabinet argued heatedly for a full seven hours. But in the end there were only two dissenters: former defense minister Ariel Sharon and ultra-rightist Yehiel Ya'alon. Then, exactly 11 months after Israel invaded Lebanon, Prime Minister Menachem Begin's government voted 17 to 2 last week to support in principle a U.S. plan for the withdrawal of Israeli troops. The decision followed a one-day diplomatic strife, spearheaded by U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz. The accord, said an Lebanese official, marks "the onset of a new era for Lebanon."

Under the agreement, both Israel and Lebanon have compromised on numerous sticking points that prolonged the negotiations for four months. A 24-point accord calls for a security zone in southern Lebanon to be patrolled jointly by as many as 50 Israeli soldiers under the command of Lebanese officers. It also provides for the pardoning and repatriation into the Lebanese Army of Maj. Saad Haddad, a renegade officer who broke away from the Beirut government in 1976 to set up a pro-Israeli, semi-autonomous region called Free Lebanon. The Israelis have won the right to open a liaison office in Beirut. But they have agreed to delay full normalization of diplomatic ties until their troop withdrawal is completed, eight weeks after the second round of talks is signed.

Still, the initial euphoria among war-weary Lebanese was tempered by doubts that the withdrawal will proceed smoothly. In addition to Israel's 85,000 troops, there are still an estimated 10,000 Syrians and 6,000 members of the Palestine Liberation Organization based inside Lebanon. And Western diplomats warned last week that the Syrians may prove to be more intransigent than the Israelis.

The Syrian position was outlined by President Hafez al-Assad last week in Damascus when he railed out a withdrawal of his country's troops unless Israel's residual presence in Lebanon—military, political and economic—is completely removed first. Assad argued

that the Shultz agreement ensures an Israeli presence in all three spheres. On Saturday, when Shultz went to Damascus, Assad's emotion on the accord was unambiguous.

The Syrian leader has a genuine interest in pressing for an Israeli pullback. The Syrians fear that Israeli artillery based in Lebanon may be within firing range of Damascus, and the government-controlled media have been warning of an imminent Israeli attack for several weeks.

Still, there is evidence to indicate that Syria, Israel's fiercest enemy in the

region for lengthy "consultations" with their allies and perhaps by demanding that a 10-member Arab League summit be called on the issue. At the same time, Lebanon's precarious security situation—reflected by heavy shelling throughout last week in Beirut and the nearby Chouf Mountains—could discourage further.

For its part, Israel has apparently made contingency plans to guard against a collapse of the withdrawal plan. Tel Aviv has promoted the election of pro-Israeli village councils in southern Lebanon, based on a strident system of local government developed on the occupied West Bank. National Guard units are being established to back up the local councils. The militia members are armed, trained and



Shultz with Begin, arguing details about the likelihood of a smooth withdrawal.

Arab world, also has much to lose by withdrawing its forces. Assad's popular government risks a backward country which has derived much of its aid if it needs to survive from Israeli's Arab opponents and from the Soviet Union. Indeed, Moscow has recently replaced sophisticated war material lost during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon and has provided 5,000 military advisers. Western officials are concerned that the Soviet Union may encourage Assad to block an agreement in order to weaken President Reagan's entire Middle East peace initiative. Concluded one Western source: "Peace would be a disaster for Syria."

Assad could sabotage the plan without an outright refusal to withdraw. Last week the Syrians indicated that they may delay a decision by cal-

culated by the Israeli army and they carry identification cards issued by the Israeli security service. United Nations officials working in Southern Lebanon are concerned that the pro-Israeli infrastructure will be activated if the Ba'ath government decides that a long-term occupation is necessary. U.S. officials had hoped that Jordan's King Hussein would be encouraged by last week's breakthrough to join the Washington-backed peace process. But Jordan announced last week that talks between its leader, King Hussein and Assad's participation in the process had reached "a final end." Despite Jordan's agreement in principle to withdraw from Lebanon, a consensus on a Middle East peace settlement still seemed a distant—if not likely—prospect. —BRIAN WRIGHT in Beirut

THE UNITED STATES

The clampdown on covert action

On the surface it seemed to be a major blow to President Ronald Reagan's controversial Central American policy. The House select committee on intelligence last week voted to cut out U.S. assistance to "military or paramilitary operations in Nicaragua by any nation, group, organization, movement or individual." The ban was carefully worded that its predecessor, the Boland amendment, passed last December. That restriction, named for its sponsor, Rep. Edward Boland (D-Mass.), created only a partial barrier to CIA covert operations. "For the purposes of" overthrowing the leftist regime in Managua, Reagan quickly denounced the intelligence committee resolution as "irresponsible." But many observers suggested that the vote was not nearly as severe as it seemed as the administration contended. They claimed that the CIA can still easily carry out the secret

The next challenge facing opponents of the CIA's covert activities is to make the ban effective

war against Nicaragua's ruling Sandinista junta by other means.

The administration contends that the CIA's real task is to intensify the flow of arms from Nicaragua and Cuba to help rebel forces fighting in all Salvador. But officials serving in Washington admit that the arms traffic is now so limited that its impact is insignificant. Not only that, but widespread reports that Washington is providing secret assistance to Nicaraguan rebels who are committed to the overthrow of the Sandinistas have led to criticism of the administration in Congress, in Latin America and among Washington's European allies. Opponents of Reagan's policies in Central America also charge that Washington's activities will drive the Sandinistas completely into the Soviet camp—the very situation that Reagan says he wants to avoid. Declared Rep. Wyder Fowler (D-Texas), who voted for the ban: "The aid is hurting the opposite effect from that which was intended."

As a result, instead of funding a covert operation, the House intelligence committee last allowed \$80 million to assist friendly forces in the area that are trying to halt any arms traf-

fic between Nicaragua and its neighbors. But the challenge now facing opponents of covert activity is how to make the ban effective. The resolution faces a long battle in both houses of Congress, and there are many ways of circumventing it. For one thing, the CIA could make use of other funds at its disposal. For another, Washington is already supplying the Honduran government with arms, and these could easily be redirected to Nicaraguan anti-government forces. Certainly there is no sign that the rebels are slackening their efforts. Indeed, while the House com-

mittee was voting, Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockman charged that a 100-strong rebel force backed by the United States and led by Edén Pastora Gómez—former Sandinista "Commander Zero," who has joined the guerrillas—had opened a new offensive from bases in Costa Rica. The charges followed Pastora's own statement that his followers were moving into action. Despite last week's vote in Washington, the squares on the Sandinista is tightening.

—JAMES MITCHELL in Toronto, with William Louchery in Washington.



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The Oilers go for the Cup

By Colin MacKenzie

In most cities with professional sports teams, fans have grown old waiting for a winner. But Edmonton, which shares the icy 54th parallel with Hirok and whose Oilers of the Canadian Football League recently won the Grey Cup, may be on the verge of producing its second championship team. Even if the skilled Oilers fail to win the Stanley Cup playoffs, it is

clear that a hockey dynasty is in the making. All the ingredients are in place led by the magical Wayne Gretzky, the planet's best hockey player, the Oilers have shattered virtually every National Hockey League scoring record in the past two years. But when the team takes to the ice this week for the first game of the Stanley Cup finals against the New York Islanders, it will feature more than Gretzky and goal scoring. After only four years in the NHL, the Oilers have discovered maturity and defense. They have matured after a disappointing fourth last year and they have the burning desire to win. Above all, the team now adds up to more than just Wayne Gretzky. The result is a complete hockey team which plays Canada's national sport with an elite and discipline unmatched outside Moscow.

And even better, those a fan's point of view, the sports world has thrown up one of its treats of perfect irony. The Oilers face the New York Islanders, three times the Stanley Cup champions and questing for their fourth win, the hallmark of a true dynasty. After a season of mediocre play—the Islanders collected 96 points, low by their standards—the team of steady and efficient veterans wants to redeem its year and, more important, stamp itself as a side equal to the great postwar teams. To that end, the Islanders have played their best hockey of the year in the past month. Whatever the eventual outcome,

Canadians can settle in for the most entertaining Stanley Cup final in at least a decade.

The Oilers have been this country's most prominent hockey club for reasons other than Gretzky. Chief among these is Peter Pocklington, the flamboyant entrepreneur-turned-politician who is hoping to parlay his ownership of the team and its accomplishments into the leadership of the Federal Progressive Conservative party. Pocklington's nat-

grounded out also seasons as a deal-maker with six teams that he drove and intelligence exceeded his athletic ability. In fact, Sather has assembled a self-selecting, European-style team which would not even have room for the Glen Sather of 15 years ago as its coach.

The amazing Oiler story begins with Wayne Gretzky. In 1978 he was a 17-year-old struggling with the doomed Indianapolis Racers of the World Hockey



Sather, Gretzky, Glickle, Hawn, Burt Reynolds and Pocklington (opposite) Gretzky backchecking

Association. Racer owner Nelson Skalbania sold Gretzky to Pocklington of the Oilers in a compromised deal that ultimately cost Pocklington \$400,000. That June, while scouting launched a round of acquisitions that eventually transformed the Oilers into a well-rounded team. At 22, Gretzky already claims virtually every scoring record in the league. His tale by now is well-known: the long days in Bramford, Ont., shooting pucks on the driveway, a goal-scoring slump at age 18, the doubts every stride of the way about being too small, too weak, and too slow to move to the next level of competition. But so far Gretzky has not, and suc-

cess has just happen to match the Oilers' blue and orange, and several team members will be on hand in Ottawa next month to add lustre to their boss's political efforts. "The Oilers are going to help me win it," said Pocklington. "Right now I'm in fourth place. I think the Oiler angle will get me into third. Name me a better marketing vehicle than Gretzky and his hockey club is the Stanley Cup final."

Pocklington, who bought the team in 1977, revels in the Oilers' success, but he knows the hockey decisions to his hockey people. Essentially that means that Glen Sather, 36, has a free hand as general manager and coach. Sather

Association. Racer owner Nelson Skalbania sold Gretzky to Pocklington of the Oilers in a compromised deal that ultimately cost Pocklington \$400,000. That June, while scouting launched a round of acquisitions that eventually transformed the Oilers into a well-rounded team. At 22, Gretzky already claims virtually every scoring record in the league. His tale by now is well-known: the long days in Bramford, Ont., shooting pucks on the driveway, a goal-scoring slump at age 18, the doubts every stride of the way about being too small, too weak, and too slow to move to the next level of competition. But so far Gretzky has not, and suc-



tered every challenge. Last season for the first time it was the net, scoring title. This season he got two goals on the Oilers' threshold. The Soviets' 4-3 Gretzky also dominated the star conference all-star game in four goals in the first period mostly, as he put it, because "I hadn't done well before."

Gretzky seems to thrive on adversity. "I think I prepare a lot more when there's been criticism about something. I'm sure," he said. "I don't know what makes me like that," he added without dwelling the thought. "But when somebody says I can't..." The single most unsettling aspect about the start of this year's Stanley Cup round for the Oilers' opponents is that Wayne Gretzky and his center—article last season—really went the Cup.

Technical explanations abound about Gretzky's greatness. His rootless peripheral vision literally allows him to see more than most players. Neurologists speculate that world-class athletes like Gretzky actually freeze time in their mind, allowing them to react more quickly and better than lesser mortals. When Gretzky collects the puck at centre ice and scuttles toward the opposing blue line in his distinctive crouch, what often follows looks like game magic. Opposing players, frequently stars in their own right, suddenly become clumsy. The 170-lb blend of a big drop in his shoulder, slides the puck through their legs and starts behind them to pick it up again. He passes to teammates as deftly and guided as if by radar. Gretzky's most unsettling feature is that he holds onto the puck for so long. With opponents in hot and increasingly tangled jostles, he moves into the attacking zone, around the net, out to the side and back into the corner, still with the puck on his seven Tazoo stick. At the Great One says and says, a hawk descends on the arena. The result is almost invariably a deadly scoring opportunity, either by Gretzky or one of his increasingly prominent teammates.

The complete story has made the Oilers what they are today. "One forward can't win the Stanley Cup," Gretzky observed. "If one guy goes, Gordie Howe and Bobby Hall would have won two more Stanley Cups. No team wins the Stanley Cup without top goal-scoring. And in the playoffs you win as a team and lose as a team." That

assembling of talent, which takes advantage of the stars and not so all in season, came swiftly to the Oilers. They were largely because of the cunning sense for hockey talent that chief scout Barry Fraser possesses. Fraser, who even now is at proving the odds of Europe as the Oilers strive for the playoffs at home, was treasurer of the Kitchener Rangers of the Ontario Junior Hockey League and a former scout of the defunct World Hockey Association.

Team players call him "Elvis" because of his 1950s hairstyle, but there is nothing old-fashioned about the way Fraser works at his trade. He has made so few mistakes since he joined the

Gretzky—more with the team in the WHA. The next were drafted, signed and traded or signed as free agents. In all, they are a collection of talented individuals, some of whom have a legitimate claim to all-star status themselves, but who are doomed to be overshadowed by their premier releases. Paul Coffey, Charlie Haddy and Kevin Lowe are among the NHL's best defencemen. Mark Messier is probably the league's finest left winger, while Jan Karh and Glen Anderson are as adept on right-wing as Pittsburgh's Maurice, in goal, Andy Ngog, a 33-year-old Princeton, NJ, native whose father was a goalie on the 1955 world champion team, has been brilliant through the playoffs after an ordinary season.

The team that now carries the Edmonton colors has been largely intact only since the beginning of the 1980-81 season. After barely scratching into the playoffs three years ago, they stomped the two mighty Montreal Canadiens in the opening round, ejection there in three straight games on the strength of Ngog's impact goaltending. After the New York Islanders disposed of the western upstarts in six games, New York captain Denis Potvin declared prophetically in May, 1981: "They're going to have their years like us, when they play well in the season and lurch in the playoffs. They're going to have to grow." But the impatient young Oilers were not listening. Last season they finished through the regular play, scoring a record 337 goals and finishing in second place in the league. The world was their oyster. Wayne Gretzky was mobbed in every NHL city as he broke Maurice Richard's 27-year-old record of 50 goals in 50 games and then set out after Phil Esposito's record of 76 goals in a season, which he topped handsily with 86.

When the 1982 playoffs opened and the Los Angeles Kings faced the Oilers in the first round, the boys from Edmonton skated onto the ice convinced that they were God's gift to the NHL. The team's chief attack—their head and jewel—their star power—lay down the Oilers bench—backfired. The Oilers blew a 3-0 lead in the third game and then lost the series in five games. The outcome was ignominious enough, but for the players the summer was painful. Edmonton's Canadian-born, largest city with a metropolitan population of almost 700,000, but there was no place for an Oiler to hide in the

summer of 1982. "Nobody remembered the season," mused Messier. "All they remembered was what happened to us in the playoffs." The Edmonton media have explained it all. The whole of the football players endured in 1971 when they lost the Grey Cup game 48-6 helped mightily to make them winners ever since. "We play in a very hockey-accustomed city," says Gretzky. "There's so much pressure from the media and fans. This city doesn't know what losing is all about."

Coach Sather learned some lessons along with his player. Billy Harris, the assistant coach who was dumped last season, was typically frank. "Last

summer we were arrogant and not get carried away with it," said Lowe at training camp last fall. "Billy Harris pointed it out and he was right in saying what he did. We have tried to pattern ourselves after the Islanders in a lot of ways. The Islanders don't run other teams' noses at it. We have to grow out of it and we have all summer to drive that fact home. We were a good team, but we weren't too smart."

Despite the brave words and honorable intentions, there was little sign for two-thirds of the season that the team had changed at all. True, Sather relied less on Gretzky and the team did less piling at the officials. Otherwise, how-

ever, had blunked a rival. "I said 'This is the Oilers,'" Gretzky recalled. "I mean, let's face it, we were a game 10-7 in Pittsburgh. That's ridiculous. The time had come for this team to get it together in our own end. It wasn't funny anymore." Gretzky was serious in his previous call for a shutout, says defenceman Don Jackson. "Well I suppose everybody could tell that when he started to show up as our defencemen came."

It was indeed a change for the league's top scorer—but it was not the only one this year. The principal defencemen has been that the hockey world has grown accustomed to Wayne Gretzky. Last year he was in the midst of a month



On defenseman Randy Gregg, the physician in the NHL, moves Calgary's Lanny McDonald's out of Moe's star pride in defense.

year the Oilers were eliminated because they were antagonistic toward opponents, officials and referees. The team's behavior was a reflection of Sather's personality. I think he has to change some of his ways, because when a coach is antagonistic and arrogant, then the players have a good light to believe the same way. And when you antagonize, you bring out the best in your opponent. That sort of comment on Harris is a job, but defencemen Lowe, for one, did not disagree. "We have to be a little

over, the team's performance was deceptively similar. It scored goals by the handful—the Oilers ended up breaking their own record with 40 goals in the 50-game season. The Oilers, but not consistently. Sather's coach declared that the team had to shape up. After a 10-1 victory in Pittsburgh, the Oilers returned home on Feb. 27 to face the Winnipeg Jets. The Oilers not only won, but with Andy Ngog in goal, they scored a 3-0 shutout. It had been 339 games and 1,176 days since the Oilers

whirlwind as he completed his record-breaking score. This year the fan adulation has not moderated, but his arrival in town is no longer automatically front-page news. In addition to the drop in interview requests and demands for personal appearances, Gretzky has also learned to say no. In the past, he notes, "I would always say, 'Yeah, sure. Yeah, yeah, sure.'" While he did not become a recluse this year, he was not always so brief. The permeable young man from Bramford remained in the public eye,

but it's as longer schooled him. Nonetheless, Grestley's commercial bendings continued to roll on. There is now a range of Wayne Grestley items, from bedpans to cereal. With his estimated \$750,000 salary and business interests, Grestley earns roughly \$1.5 million per year.

The Oiler organization has also directly benefited. Long before the team became the only Canadian-based entry in the Stanley Cup finals, its following had spread across the country. Oiler events and other merchandise—there are more than 200 items bearing the

requests was generated because of Grestley. Now, he says, the Oilers as a team produce about 50 per cent of the business.

The amazing Number 99 continued his artillery on ice this season, but he did not match last year's production, going from 512 points to 186. It was still enough for Grestley to end up 72 points ahead of Peter Stastney of the Quebec Nordiques, his nearest rival in the scoring race. One reason for the drop was that Beller relied less on Grestley. Said Grestley: "I think I averaged about 16 minutes per game this year. Last year I averaged about 26. I guess that works out to about five fewer shots a game.

and analyzing his coaching." Harris continued, "Baller didn't need to be better in four lines." Now, Edmonton is one of the few teams in the league to do so. Said Harris: "He has Wayne Grestley playing in the first line as a power play now and then he throws the other line out. He has everybody involved, whether they're playing 30 minutes or 20 seconds. You have to give the man credit. I've seen a lot of coaches who would never consider changing. The fact of the matter is that Glen Baller is a much more intelligent coach than he was last year." Baller's only retort is that people who are questioned his coaching "are begin-

ning." Three games later, with the idea bubbling in their minds, the Oilers faced a revamped Oilers of Los Angeles and moved on to play Calgary for the first all-Alberta professional hockey playoff matchup since 1982. When the cheering stopped, the Oilers had won four games in a row and scored 36 goals for a playoff record in any series. "As a team it's unbelievable how they've matured defensively," said Calgary defenseman Paul Reinhart, just before he was dispatched to Team Canada in Germany. "The next series that sort of team defense with these boys."

And the Oilers were getting better. Against the Chicago Black Hawks, a bruising, high-scoring squad with legitimate Stanley Cup aspirations of its own, the Oilers had demonstrated their distinctive championship style and a newfound taste for the pain. The Oilers won the first two games 4-1 and 3-2 before the final sellout crowd of 15,088 faithful and increasingly exuberant fans at Edmonton's Northlands Coliseum. "It's unheard of," raved Chicago coach Orval Roger after the first game, in which the Oilers produced the most overpowering second period of playoff hockey that has been seen in decades. The Oilers fired 21 shots in beleaguering Chicago goaltender Terry Engstrom, and scored four times. Chicago had only two shots on Moe' Tannor who even whupped the next night after the poised Oilers administered an 8-2 demolition. "We should put it in a hall to the Mayo Clinic for 18 hours," trumpeted, the 48-year-old Orval, who is expected to be named coach of the year for turning the Hawks into contenders.

The final battle in the Oilers' fight for immortality came in game three in ramshackle Chicago Stadium, for years the home of the favorite rival, the struggling NHL team. After going back 2-0, the Oilers led the Black Hawks 3-0 in the third period. But Edmonton came back to win it in Glenn Anderson's goal late in the game. "We didn't panic," said Grestley, recalling a word that still haunts most Oilers: "We didn't have that best punch, and we took it." For goal-

tender Moe, the third game was a tale of pain. "I told myself before the game that it could be the difference, coming into this building." And he was—in the greatest performance since his conquest over Montreal two years ago. But things had changed for Moe. "That was all emotion. Everything I did was based on emotion. I think it was the same for the team as a whole. It's different now. I can't afford to play on emotion every night and neither can this hockey club."

The fourth game against Chicago was a 6-3 farcicality, and the Oilers settled back to await the winner in the Boston-New York series. In the process, they

acted their relatively poor regular season, the Islanders still finished sixth in the league and have moved briskly through the playoffs against Washington, New York Rangers in a better-than-average mountain series, and the Boston Bruins, who finished the regular season atop the league. The Oilers' much tougher route than Edmonton took to the first, but the Islanders have played more games and the Oilers have had a week off. On the other hand, at least, Edmonton remains a young team and a week is a time enough to get nervous. That, however, is just what the Oilers think they have managed to eliminate from their makeup. The Islanders will need all of their wanted discipline to keep the well-oiled Oilers in check.

For their part, the Oilers thought it was entirely appropriate that they face the Islanders. Moments after eliminating the Hawks, Glen Baller's voice carried down the corridor in Chicago Stadium. "When you see a championship team, you should want to beat the champions." And typically, Edmonton has a few records ripe for the plucking, as well as the Cup itself.

Number 99 is only one point away from Mike Bossy's Stanley Cup record of 35 points in a playoff season. A measure of change in hockey is that Frank Mahovlich and Phil Esposito shared the record with 27 points each recently in 1985. And already claiming an unprecedented 11-1 playoff record, the Oilers and only 17 more goals to set a new team scoring record.

"Four years in the league," raved Glen Baller, "I want to win the Cup." Over the four years it took to get to this point, it seems so short. All the critics and we couldn't play playoff hockey and make it all the way to the Stanley Cup final. Well, here we are. And now people are saying it's the greatest thing since they've seen a team play like this one." In fact, never has an NHL entry played so effectively on offense. Many Canadians have concluded that there is no more fitting time to return the Cup to Canada. Certainly there is none with a better chance.

With Terry Jones in Edmonton.



Baller at his post: four years in the league, a excellent drafting, smart trading and a big dose of self-confidence.

Oiler fans—are entitled the products of the Canadian and the Toronto Maple Leafs combined. "Suppliers can't keep up with the demand for Oiler items," enthused Don Fahy, director of Oiler properties. Added Jerry Schwartz, of Grant Eastman, which manufactures NHL team merchandise for hockey jerseys, "For every Oiler event that goes out, there's only one from the other teams in the NHL that we're sending out right now." An indication of the team's popularity is Schwartz's observation that last year more than 90 per cent of the

He added in his defense, "You could make a case that I scored more points per minute this year than I did last year."

Former assistant coach Billy Harris again from the sidelines and cinema a credit. "Some of the things I said last year were my job, but I honestly believe some of the things I said resulted in significant corrections. It's obvious the team has matured, and I think the key is that the coach matured. I think the coach spent a lot of time in the off-season analyzing his personality

ing to look like fools."

Baller did not say if he includes Winnipeg Jets General Manager Jari Kurri in the group of detractors that through the crystal lens of hindsight, Ferguson's remarks before the opening playoff round no longer sparkle. The Oilers have a lot of weaknesses, major weaknesses—especially on defense," said the former Montreal Canadiens' defenseman. "They're far from being a complete hockey team. And, besides, the Oilers have never won anything, including their days in the World Hockey As-



Moe in the dressing room: playing with more than emotion this year.





8AM EGG McMUFFIN EVERY WEEK THE FINANCIAL POST

GEORGE A. COHEN, CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O. OF MCDONALD'S RESTAURANTS OF CANADA LTD.

The Financial Post

Devoted to entrepreneurs have proliferated in the past few years, securing a host of opportunities for professional figure skaters. In the most recent show, *Romeo and Juliet*, taped last week at CPTV studios in Toronto, former Canadian Olympic skater, Calgary's **Irma Pokor**, 24, plays *Romeo* to Dorothy Hamill's *Juliet*. **Tina Cross**, the Canadian instructor and skater who helped to coach skaters out of the arena and into the living room, is cast as Tybalt in this version. "He plays the bad guy this time, and I play the good guy," said Pokor, who was Lord of the Underworld in the 1984 *Crucible* on the TV special *The Major Player*. There was no competition on the set of *Romeo and Juliet* despite grueling 12-hour days of rehearsal with both Cross and Hamill. "We're having a good time," said Pokor. The CPG-Warner production—complete with a balcony scene in which Pokor and Hamill make several trips on skates up and down the set—was due to air on CTV on Nov. 24.

Meanwhile, Pokor, who was Calgary Athlete of the Year in 1980, has a number of television offers "in the wind." *Sad Conors* "figure skating used to mean amateur competition and the Ice Capades. Now the top skaters are more than athletes, they're becoming stars." So far, his conversion from athlete to star has been as smooth as glass.

For the past four years U.S. teams are **Jimmy Connors** and his wife, former *Playboy* pin-up **Patti**, appeared to be the hottest of doubles teams. And when baby **Bratt** was born three years ago, Connors admitted that, although his tennis was slumping, his family was the most important thing in his life. Last week, however, when Patti used Jimmy for dinner and comedy of *Bratt*, it seemed that the love had gone out of the match. For tennis observers it came as no surprise when in Toronto for a tennis tournament in February, Connors, the 1982 Wimbledon and U.S. Open champion, admitted that his game was back on track because his priorities had changed. *Sad Conors*. "I have decided to concentrate on tennis again. And if my family doesn't like it, that's too



Pokor and Hamill in *Romeo and Juliet*; Patti Connors (below) in a match now without love

drama bed." Although Jimbo sounds like he may have the advantage, Patti has used for an undisclosed amount of attorney and child support and plans to legally contest a marriage agreement she signed that would have limited any divorce settlement to \$250,000. For Jimmy, that will mean getting tough in a different court.

U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations **Jeane Kirkpatrick** has faced

results from her own compromises that are as sharp as the bullets from the Soviet bloc. Critics have targeted her for her role as one of the leading advocates of the Reagan administration's controversial policy in Central America and for dragging the situation between authoritarian (and necessarily bad) and totalitarian (very bad) regimes. Now the former political science professor has become a target of protest by academics throughout the United States. In February demonstrators shouted her down in a lecture at the University of California at Berkeley. In March workers disrupted her speech at the University of Minnesota. And last week Kirkpatrick rejected the Nobel of Distinguished from her own state senate, Harvard College. The school first considered offering her the award in absentia, but then the faculty voted 45 to 18 against the idea. Nailed the outspoken ambassador: "We will all want to reflect on the events surrounding this episode and what they tell us about who we are and what we have become."

At Harvard and other university officials issued a call for "tolerance." The U.S. ambassador, in fact, has kept a full schedule, including speeches at Belknap College in West Virginia, the University of Oklahoma and the Colorado School of Mines—decidedly safer grounds of academia.

—EDITOR BY ROBERT BRIDGES



Roses for a Canadian

Sunny's Halo won't snuff for age rest and recreation. But unlike most Canadian non-swimmers, the winter break paid spectacular dividends. Last Saturday the big, spirited chestnut, named three-year-old \$425,000 (7'8") and became only the second Canadian thoroughbred to win the Kentucky Derby. With Louisiana's Eddie Delahoussaye in the saddle, Sunny's Halo breezed home by two lengths, the first Canadian winner since the great Northern Dancer in 1964.

For owner David Foster, a Toronto stockbroker and horseman, and trainer David Cross Jr., the race produced a handsome payoff after a longshot gamble. Last year Cross had 15 horses in his stable. Today, he has only Sunny's Halo. The 46-year-old trainer was convinced that the Canadian champion was destined for greatness—and he staked his career on the hunch.

Sunny's start was anything but promising. While the horse was five of seven Canadian settings last year, Sunny's Halo was outdistanced in four U.S. starts. Then, Cross determined that stress fractures in both front shins had seriously crippled the horse. The cure: a voyage to California where Sunny's Halo hoisted only in the equine equivalent of a hot tub. Cross believes that the steady soaks not only helped heal the fractures, but gave the horse the stamina he displayed over the good but tiring 14-mile track in Louisville. The winning time: 2:02.2 minutes, well off the record but a remarkable time considering that a day of rain and a particularly heavy downpour in the 46-minute before post time made the grass track very heavy.

Unlike many early sires—and most victors—the lineage of Sunny's Halo is not entirely regal. His sire was Halo, with a solid history of racing. But his dam was a game, if not exactly fast, of hoof, knee that Cross picked up for \$4,000 after a claiming race.

Next for Sunny's Halo is the Preakness in Baltimore on May 21. If he wins there, as a gatefully considering the impressive Derby victory, he will almost certainly try to wrap up the Triple Crown with a win at Belmont in New York on June 11. A Triple Crown triumph would mean that Sunny's Halo would be expected to earn as much as \$15 million in a stall fees after his racing career ends. ☐



Look Sun's Halo's owner, David Foster, at the Kentucky Derby.

AT THE JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, we use America's finest grain to make our whiskey uncommonly smooth.



Inspected by America's finest grain.

Our miller inspects each delivery of grain to make sure he is buying the best. Then, and only then, he takes care to dry it and clean it before cooking it in a mash.

Our choice grain is a good reason why Jack Daniel's has won taste competitions in London, Liège, Ghent, St. Louis, Amsterdam and Brussels. And why, we believe, it will gain your acclaim wherever you taste it.



Look Sun's Halo's owner, David Foster, at the Kentucky Derby.

A shadowy war beneath the waves



Canadian Forces Aurora on antisubmarine patrol, conducting a quiet billion-dollar game of hide and seek.

By Pat Ollendorf

The world may never know what really happened in the depths off Scandinavia last week. Norway fired 30 underwater missiles in the direction of an "undetected submarine" in Skagerrak Fjord, and Sweden detonated mines in an attempt to disable as many as six similar intruders in its territorial waters. Sweden had accused the Soviets of submarine intrusion in its neutral waters. The month-long incidents, however, provided hints of even more serious danger: a multi-billion-dollar shadowy world of underwater warfare, from which submarines—like the submarines themselves—surface only rarely.

An estimated 500 subsurface, both Soviet and U.S., currently are cruising the world's oceans. They carry long-range ballistic missiles that could wipe out cities from distances as great as 3,000 km away. In addition, roughly 800 conventional "hunter-killer" subs, carrying torpedoes, segment the fleets as a backup defense in the event of nuclear war. If evidence provided by the Swedes turns out to be correct, the Soviets may also have developed "ultra-ships" that can slip through detection nets—perhaps either as "drones" controlled by computers or as manned "cruisers," which are a submarine-task hybrid.

The Soviet and U.S. submarines are not, however, the only pieces of military hardware beneath the sea. There are, in addition, highly sophisticated spec-

ting and tracking devices used by the United States and its allies. Permanent listening devices anchored to continental shelves send information back to land stations. Sonar hydrophones trail behind ships. And sonobuoys, ranging in size from a bowling ball to a tugboat, are dropped by plane to search out submarines using water signals that reflect off the targeted craft. Although the Soviet Union may deploy more mobile-carrying subs than the United States, most analysts agree that the U.S. tracking network, known by the acronym *Searcher*, is far superior to the Soviet effort. "None [Soviet Searcher-like systems] are as advanced that its presence seriously tips the East-West arms balance," contends Harvey Silverman, a Halifax marine technology ex-

pert and head of Maritime Technology Consultants Ltd. Yet, as last week's incidents in Skagerrak indicate, no matter how advanced underwater defense networks are, their performance in the far from foolproof. The narrow margins of the region's floods make ocean detection difficult.

In some ways, however, that the Soviet submarine that sailed Skagerrakian political waters would have escaped detection in the open sea. Of all oceans, the North Atlantic is the most accurately tapped with acoustic and sonar devices. Says Arthur Klink, senior staff member for the Washington-based Center for Defense Information (CDI): "You have to assume that most of the U.S. antisubmarine warfare system's ocean floor wiring is laid

across the 'choke points.' These points are straits through which Soviet subs must pass when leaving their land-based motherland.

SOSUS concentrations on choke points, the North Atlantic, and, to a lesser extent, the North Pacific. But, as Klink says, that focus is only part of "a worldwide acoustic surveillance system which the United States and its allies are constantly expanding." The *Searcher* and stationary ocean and acoustic detectors relay information back to centralized computers, often by satellite. The computers sift through vast quantities of data to extract information on the movement and position of enemy submarines. According to Larry Rood, an expert on underwater warfare and editor of *Sea Technology* magazine, published in Arlington, Va., if the seas around the military current merely follow the movements of Soviet submarines—they can blow them up. "The United States and its allies have tremendous numbers of mines out there—known as the CAT TOL system—that have been moored a long time and can be activated acoustically," explained Rood.

Like other NATO countries, Canada is an active participant in submarine surveillance. At least two major stations are located on Canadian soil on the East Coast, and almost the entire effort of the Canadian navy—21 destroyers, an Aurora class and three diesel submarines—is committed to allied war games. Canada's three subs have such a capacity to operate clandestinely, in fact, that other nations, including the United States, use them to test their surveillance systems. And Canada is selling a variable depth-sounder which is capable of taking ocean soundings at several depths simultaneously to other allied countries.

Indeed, when underwater conditions are favorable, sub tracking can be so tremendously sensitive "Every subma-



Canadian DDH-380 class destroyer used to attack submarines, stalking the Soviets.

rine has a different engine 'signature,'" explained Harriet Critchley, a specialist in strategic studies at the University of Calgary. "You can identify not only the type of Soviet sub, but the exact submarine it is." Because of the precision of underwater detection, both countries now coat their subs with special anticorrosion paint, and U.S. submarine crews, at least, are prohibited from wearing jackets with zippers, to cut down on noise. The effectiveness of satellites for submarine detection will prove even more dramatic. "Certain satellites can pick up the minuscule difference in water-surface temperature made by the exhaust trail of a submarine," said Silverman. "And smaller space lasers can detect an ocean surface displacement of one one-hundredth of

an inch caused by a submarine below." But because of the highly classified nature of such work, experts like Silverman do not know whether satellite tracking is in the research or testing stage.

Despite the high technology beneath the sea, the month-long incidents in Norway and Sweden underlined the fact that the tracking systems are not working, perfectly. "Antisubmarine warfare" is complicated. Vice-Admiral Andy Paine of Maritime Command in Halifax, "is still very much an art as well as a science." A U.S. defense department expert added, "The day may come when someone will discover a reliable way of finding a deeply submerged, camouflaged submarine, but I do not foresee a solution in this century." Undersea conditions such as sharp variations in temperature layers, through which sound must pass, heavy salinity and ocean currents distort this information gathered. "Although we know there is a submarine out there," said Klink of the Washington's CO, "it is rare that we are able to pinpoint the exact location."

In the end, the full capabilities of antisubmarine warfare may remain as elusive as the submarines currently dodging Scandinavian torpedoes and mines. As Paine admitted, "I cannot tell you much because it is difficult to remember what is classified and what is not. That is the nature of the beast. We do not want them to know what we know, we do not want to give the game up."

Pat Ollendorf is in Washington and Christopher Moore in Stockholm.

PLUMBING THE DEPTHS



U.S. helicopter lowering sonobuoy: "we do not want them to know what we know"



One man's theory is another's poison

By Anthony Whitlingham

Beginning this week Canadians are given a choice of two "hot recipes" from the American school of economic self-help, with Pitblow & Whitaker's publication of *The Next American Frontier* by Harvard's Robert Reich. The 20-year-old business and public policy lecturer at the John F. Kennedy School of Government offers a middle message, neither Reaganism nor U.S. business leadership has worked. Several leading Democrats, including presidential aspirant Walter Mondale, have endorsed Reich's prescription. Broadly for Canadians, many of Reich's proposals—including a call for an "industrial strategy"—have been debated for years, and some have been discarded.

In addition to his assault on supply-side economics and other pet policies of President Ronald Reagan, Reich turns a critical eye on U.S. corporate boardrooms. In vivid contrast with the best-selling *100 Years of Excellence* by Thomas Peters and Robert Waterman, Reich suggests that American managers have lost their ability to compete in the top of hierarchical domains. But again, managerial orders filter down through layers of executives to lower and lower workers. Despite the industrial challenge from Japan, he observes, U.S. corporations have slumped on research and development, shifted assembly operations to the Third World and indulged in the "paper entrepreneurialism" of complex takeovers and corporate mergers.

Reich's call for a new managerial ethic is only the latest in a series of reforms that have flowed from both sides of the ideological divide in the United States. Before the current U.S. recession there was a simple laissez-faire race between two relatively clear-cut economic outcomes—interventionists and free marketeers. Now, however, U.S. society has become so aware that the number of conflicting economic theories has grown to Boston Marathon proportions—and the race itself has degenerated into a breathless 200-m dash. Today winning U.S.-economic theories tend not to hold cur-

rency even for the duration of a single four-year presidential term.

The new treatise by Reich in the fourth division "schools" of U.S. business and economic analysis to emerge since the ascendancy of Reagan—such as rejecting the prevailing theory that preceded it. Yet there is one theme linking them all: America's obsession with its weakened role in worldwide manufacturing production and the decline in overall American wealth. Two targets seem to preoccupy today's American



Reich: orders filter down to bored or hostile workers

economic medicine men: economics and business management. One group of economic theorists attempts to tackle such issues as monetarism, tax reform and government deficits. Another group prefers to pit business corporations under the microscope, analyzing such components as management styles, product innovation and technological improvement.

Barly three years ago Reaganism was the order of the day. All the bright young economists ran focused supply-side economics. Their intellectual bible was *Wealth and Poverty* by Republican guru George Gilder. On the business side, Japanese management methods

were the rage. In U.S. boardrooms and business schools two books became mandatory reading: *Theory Z* by William Ouchi and *The Art of Japanese Management* by Richard Schonberger and Anthony Abo.

But this year a new vision of U.S. economic genius replaced Japanese precepts. In *Search of Excellence* told North Americans what they were looking to hear: that companies will possess the necessary innovation and flexibility to hold their own in the marketplace of worldwide economic competition.

Now Reich's *The Next American Frontier* attempts to alter the message yet again. According to Reich, there are two main problems facing the U.S. economy today: the failure of government to provide leadership and strategy in the overall development of the country's economic affairs and the failure of U.S. business leaders to set technological and entrepreneurial priorities, while wasting energy in legal and financial maneuvers. Indeed, Reich's blistering attack on U.S. business makes Peters' and Waterman's optimistic message seem like a stray manuscript by British children's author Beatrix Potter.

For Canadians the source aspect of the neoliberal school is that its key platform—the call for a national industrial strategy—has already been discarded and analyzed in Canada for well over a decade. In the United States, Reich's description of economic problems as "structural"—expressed in the U.S. economy as being held up by a bottleneck through—Yet Canadian propaganda analysts have applied the prophecies (involuntarily for years). Indeed, there is nothing in *The Next American Frontier* that has not already been studied by Canada's four leading economic research organizations—the Economic Council, the Science Council, Walter Gordon's Canada Institute for Economic Policy and the Institute for Research on Public Policy in Ottawa.

Noneless, there may be one key difference separating Canadian and U.S. approaches to economic and business analysis: The Americans, at least, have a history of planting policies where their enthusiasms lie. ☐

Catering to the critical consumer

The shaky state of the economy has seriously hurt the advertising industry during the past two years. The last week of the 50-year-old Cockfield Brown Inc. in Montreal, New, even though the recession seems to be lifting, ad agencies face a new threat: the discerning consumer. Last week's conference in public opinion held industry executives at the Association of Canadian Advertisers convention in Toronto that vague and patronizing "dumb housewife" commercials no longer sell. Instead, economic uncertainty has fostered a cynical and sophisticated generation of buyers. "Fifteen years ago I thought that the sixth wonder of the world was the North American economy," said Washington, D.C.-based pollster Richard Worthin, who advises U.S. President Ronald Reagan. "I said that the 10th wonder was the economic ignorance of the people. But consumers in the United States and Canada," he added, "have started learning their consumer issues very quickly."

Canadian pollster Allan Gregg of Toronto's Demos Research said the trend means that the classic advertising principle of selling smoke rather than steak has become passé. "Now you would be far wiser to sell steak than smoke," said Gregg. "But first you had better make sure that the new, instant, mass consumer trends stick."

In an industry that depends heavily on opinion-sampling, Worthin, Gregg and other pollsters are receiving an enthusiastic hearing. By now every consumer's wants, fears and spending patterns, they say, are the key tool that enables the interrelated Canadian and U.S. ad industry to develop its sales programs. The two men agree that the new consumer demands have changed the industry. Their solution is to let quality products at a fair price. It is an old-fashioned and expensive notion but it is right for the times.

The new consumer, according to the pollsters' portrait, is typically part of a smaller family in which both adults are better educated than their parents. Despite high unemployment, they are both likely to have jobs and *even* though they have more discretionary income, they display more caution in spending—*as a factor*, Worthin points out, that explains the current record levels of savings. The advertisers' challenge, he says, is to identify *middle* consumers' values and spending habits. Lucy Light, executive vice-president of the

Ted Bates Agency in New York City, says that there has been a major shift in self-perception. "The big change now is that the 'We Generation' has found that 'only we' can be 'lovely me.' Light adds, "There has been an enormous change from upshot to neighborhood." He says that the new consumer is a member of the "We Generation"—family-oriented and increasingly conservative. Gregg concludes from his polls that inflation-battered Canadians are exhibiting "an increasing awareness and resistance to conformity. It is a survivor's mentality."



Kennedy: the patronizing 'dumb housewife' ad is out, quality of product is in

Still, Canadians will value status, Gregg predicts, but the large waters of postwar babies now in their 30s and the attendant bottleneck of people seeking promotions will mean that status will no longer come from jobs. Instead, he says, polls indicate that status will increasingly seek satisfaction in personal status, the family unit and the quality and enjoyment of life. "The new status symbols are going to show in the hallway rather than three cars in the driveway," Gregg said. One of the single biggest selling items at Christmas, he points out, was the Commodore VC 20 home computer, which, at \$550, suggested that Canadians will spend money to get quality items.

But those new attitudes have impeded certain commercials. One major loser is the "dumb housewife" spot. According to Michael Kennedy, chairman of the Association of Canadian Advertisers (ACA), the genre is now in disrepute because "it is so bad taste." In fact, he adds, that these commercials no longer work. Marketing surveys have shown that women in the target audience now reject the patronizing commercials, and therefore the product they are trying to sell.

The new style, the experts observe, is based on the hard sell. Light predicts

that more company presidents and real people—like car assembly line workers—will be used in commercials because marketing surveys indicate they are more trustworthy than actors. Goodwin's quality or performance will also become more popular. But, as Light acknowledges, improving or guaranteeing a product is a radical and expensive strategy. Light says that his agency, at least, is settling up increasing lights against executives who prefer planned product obsolescence. "In this case," he says, "we are finding success often comes out of failure. When everything else has failed, they are usually willing to give it a try."

—LESLIE KATZMAN in Toronto

A new look at libel law

Newspaper boards quickly celebrated the ruling in well-known Washington, D.C., press watering holes such as The Class Room and The One Stop Diner. The reason for the jubilation was the decision by U.S. Federal Judge Oliver Garach last week to overturn a jury verdict last July against The Washington Post in a libel action by Mobil Oil Corp. President William F. Tawansdale, arising out of a 1979 article about his business dealings. Garach, who presided over the original trial, also threw out the jury's award against the Post of \$2,056,000. U.S. reporters and editors hoped that the decision would set what they believed was a trend toward tougher interpretation of U.S. libel laws, which in turn are much more liberal toward the press than those in Canada.

The jury's decision last summer sent shock waves through U.S. journalism because it came on the heels of such rulings as a \$1.4-million—later reduced to \$684,000—judgment in favor of actress Carol Burnett in her libel case against the *National Enquirer*. "It may be going more hazardous to publish criticism of rich and powerful people," the *New York Times* claimed in an editorial on the Tawansdale award.

In its original story the Post said that 64-year-old Tawansdale had used his influence and Mobil's money to "let his son in on the shopping business." Tawansdale claimed that the story was inaccurate and held his lips up to fakals.

In his instructions to the jury last year, Garach said that Tawansdale was a public figure and that, under U.S. Supreme Court precedent, he had to prove not only that the Post story was false but also that the Post acted with "actual malice" (Is Canada lack of malice is no defense as such, and a defendant must prove the statement is untrue in fact.) In overturning the jury's decision last week, Garach wrote that the reporter involved had "expended a large amount of time and effort on the preparation." That being the case, the judge ruled, there was "no evidence to support the jury's verdict." It was welcome news for justice, journalists and publishers, who hope that under the new Bill of Rights it can be successfully argued that the press should have greater leeway in commenting on the activities of public figures.

—WILLIAM LUTHERS in Washington



Demonstrators at clinic (above). Morgentaler: we will force this "abortion" to close

MEDICINE

Morgentaler moves west

When Dr. Henry Morgentaler's staff opened a clinic in Winnipeg last week, it became the first Canadian medical facility outside Quebec devoted entirely to performing abortions. Predictably, it also became the new focal point for the increasingly acrimonious debate over whether women should be allowed to have what seems to legal abortionists the sidewalk outside the two-story white stone building at 883 Cordova Ave., Canada's leading antiabortionist, Joseph Bernick, was on parade with about 60 supporters carrying placards that read **CLASH HERE'S A STUDENT SUICIDE AND ABORTION FOR THE PROSCOUT**. "Dr-

an extra are deeper in a hot-air duct before the city would issue an occupancy permit. After workers hurriedly installed the equipment and Morgentaler's lawyer took the issue to court, the protest arrived Thursday afternoon. Meanwhile, Bernick had parked a four-metre mobile home nearby and threatened to photograph sky women who attempted to enter the clinic. But the staff announced that it would perform no abortions until Morgentaler's scheduled return this week.

When word of the abortion do-ings, two Montreal doctors turned by Morgentaler will perform them in a small upstairs operating room. Their set abortion fee is \$200, although Morgentaler says that the amount will be adjusted to accommodate financially needy women.

Once police are sure that abortions are being performed at the clinic, it is expected that charges will be laid against Morgentaler and his staff under federal law the only institutions allowed to perform abortions are hospitals with approved Morgentaler abortion committees.



So far, the Manitoba government has refused to grant Morgentaler's clinic hospital status.

For his part, Morgentaler, who has been acquitted three times by Quebec juries on charges of performing illegal abortions, is confident that a Winnipeg jury will acquit him. His case will rest on the same common-law defense that he used in Quebec—the defense of medical necessity, which defines abortion as acceptable if a doctor considers it necessary in the interests of a woman's mental or physical health. Supported by Winnipeg criminal lawyer Gregory Brodsky, Morgentaler says he will keep the clinic open even if he is charged. "One is innocent until proven guilty, and there would be no reason to close the clinic," said Morgentaler. "As far as I am concerned, the clinic is legal." If convicted, however, Morgentaler and his staff could face a maximum penalty of life imprisonment. Women found guilty of using the facility for abortions could be sentenced to a maximum of two years in prison.

Winnipeg antiabortion activists will picket the clinic without success. The week-end, however, since his long delayed court challenge to the 1985 federal abortion laws opens in the Queen's Court of the Queen's Bench. Bernick has hired well-known civil rights lawyer Morris Weismacher to argue the case, and the antiabortionist side is relying on Canadian and foreign medical experts to support the view that a fetus is a human being and that abortion is nothing less than murder. The case is expected to reach the Supreme Court in October.

Bernick's court case comes at a time when abortion rights are being challenged across the country, even though a 1982 Gallup poll showed that 72 per cent of Canadians supported full abortion rights. Bernick's case comes at a time when antiabortionists have been elected to hospital boards of directors across the country. They have pressured hospital abortion committees to reduce the number of abortions that hospital perform.

Pro-choice advocates say that they will continue the fight for easily accessible abortions. Morgentaler plans to open other abortion clinics across the country, including one in Toronto. Meanwhile, at the Winnipeg clinic Ellen Kruger, chairman of the Manitoba Coalition for Reproductive Choice, says that bodyguards will escort abortion-seeking women through any hostile crowd. Commenting on Morgentaler's support, Douglas Murray, 39, "I will keep coming back as long as Bernick's supporters do." The battle promises to be long and unresolving.

—PETER CHARLES GORDON in Winnipeg

A small life's icy beginning

Barring an unexpected setback, a dramatic and controversial birth will take place in Australia next September. The baby will be unique because it will have grown from an embryo that was fertilized in a laboratory dish, then frozen in liquid nitrogen at -196°C for four months before being implanted in its mother's womb in late January. To the Australian parents—who have requested anonymity—the pregnancy even so significant as it is a child. To the scientists who were first and implanted the embryo, the pregnancy, announced last week, represents an exciting step forward in the field of so-called *in-vitro* babies, or *in vitro* (in glass) fertilization (IVF). But to critics, it raises, among other things, Orwellian visions of banks of human embryos frozen for centuries, possibly to be experimented with, altered and eventually to be implanted in future generations. The controversy centers on the medical community's view of the fetus. "No one knows if the process of freezing will cause damage to an embryo in the short term or the long term," cautioned Dr. Clive Prosser, chairman of Britain's Royal College of General Practitioners' committee on the ethics of artificial fertilization and embryology. But physiologist Alan Trounstein, head of Melbourne's Monash University lab, where embryos are frozen, is cautiously optimistic about the baby's health. "Abnormal embryos might not survive freezing and thawing," Trounstein told *Medicine*. And, he added, experiments with animal embryos and human sperm suggest that freezing actually decreases abnormality rather than increases it.

Researchers freeze embryos to avoid the knotty ethical problem of disposing of the so-called spare embryos—nursing laboratory-fertilized human eggs that are not implanted in the woman of interest. In the United States, a leading proponent of current IVF procedures, which usually rely for the administration of fertility drugs to women patients in order to increase the number of eggs that can be retrieved and fertilized. Trounstein and his co-workers hope that someday frozen "embryo banks" will be as common as sperm banks, making possible the donation of embryos to infertile women—a vision which appeals strongly. Nevertheless, in Australia last week, commented on the announcement was stated. Trounstein says most views of embryos frozen for centuries are the product of science fiction writers. "Our aim," he insisted, "are to help infertile couples and improve the techniques of IVF." —PAT O'NEILL/SPAIN in Toronto



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A canine's search for poetic justice



Rooke: a bawdy and subversive novel not for the squeamish or the delicately humored

SHAKESPEARE'S DOG

By Leon Rooke
(General, 176 pages, \$24.95)

Ever since the Renaissance, spoken English has grown steadily more doggerminded. The subjects of Elizabeth I delighted in the infinite plasticity of speech, but people now have to cope with a slangier vocabulary and speak with all the irreverence of a daily newspaper. Most contemporary novels mirror that linguistic leveling: they flatter and, objectively, praise that complicates the same as specificity and clarity as possible. Inside them, Leon Rooke's latest book, *Shakespeare's Dog*, is an exuberant anomaly. Like an Elizabethan clown set loose in a crowd of seldom 20th-century office workers.

Shakespeare's Dog is a triumph of Rooke's delight in the language, in how it can be twisted and even reinvented. It is written in a pseudo-Elizabethan tongue that effortlessly carries its rich cargo of bawdy epithets and street poetry. But what makes that bawdy comic work in Rooke's narrative, a worldly-wise dog called Hooker, who just happens to belong to William Shakespeare. Hooker's personality, as lively and expertable as any in most of literature, seems what might have been an

exercise in antiquarianism into a small masterpiece.

The novel is set in Stratford-on-Avon in the 1580s, when Shakespeare is still young and unknown. Hooker lives in the town's yard, where he hangs with his fellow dogs and grows increasingly disgruntled with his master. As Hooker sees it, the talented poet is in danger of sinking into lifelong insecurity. Shakespeare occasionally promises the dog that they will soon set out for London. "One day I'll introduce you to the Queen's lodging," says the master, vowing that the canine will be able to "leech himself" with a royal passion. But the poet is held back by his wife, Anne Hathaway, and by the demands of their three squalling children.

Though Hooker is unfrockingly loyal to Shakespeare, his criticism of the gifted "Two Poet" are charmingly irreverent—a welcome counterbalance to the usual worshipful portraits. Above all, the dog owes his master's support of conventional society "the top-hatted equality...I wanted has less recourse, less besotted with words' double-barring, less in conspiracy with what his epoch glorified was man and dog's mutual configuration." Hooker, on the other hand, spends much of the novel outraged at the commonplace cruelties of the times, from the treatment of the

poor to witch-burning. He is something of a leveller: "I wanted just covetous. I wanted mastery from Newman to New Caladany."

But if Hooker is high-minded than most humans, he is still a dog. That countervailing fact anchors the book in the bedrock of jocular banter. Shakespeare's *Dog* is not a novel for the squeamish or the delicately humored. Hooker clearly loves the pleasures of the body. And he loves fighting as much as loving. "We growled and whined and glob-swallowed fur and spit," he declares. "We clashed teeth and snarled, we panted and ripped and stamped on ear, tail, and throat, we scowled, seeped, and mated in a fury over the whole of Two Poet's garden, long since gone to rot."

In the end it is Hooker's appetite—not for love or fighting but for killing deer—that forces a crisis from which Shakespeare cannot escape. It leads the young poet to London, and Hooker proudly goes with him, the critic and friend whom history has never acknowledged. The novel does them, with gusto and least making brashly toward a famous future, and it is sad to see them go. —JOHN BROWNE

When Leon Rooke's eldest teacher announced on her high school graduation day, she inadvertently engineered his escape from Bananas Republic, N.C. Rooke remembers her circulating among his classmates with her wares only for those progressive enough to go on to college. Rooke certainly could not afford it. His father left home when Rooke was 2, and his mother worked in a local textile mill. All that the teacher had to say to him was, "And you, what are you going to do?" Today Rooke is 38 years old, a successful writer who is accumulating awards in both the United States and Canada for *Shakespeare's Dog*. He is now a Canadian citizen and lives in a big house on a hill in Victoria, but he can still show a little indignation. "The possibility of going to college had not occurred to me. But I was mortally offended by that remark and said to myself, 'By God I will go to college.'"

That story is one of the few farcical anecdotes that Rooke will readily recount. For a storyteller who conceals



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Head by Johnny Mesker: no plastic cases

North or close to be "Inuit-inspired." Some producers have assumed corresponding names, such as Inuit and Wolf. Others are more blatant, such as Siku and Ankan, which are Inuktitut words for ice and mother respectively. Some carvings are etched with a primitive-looking script, creating the impression that the work is an original signed by the author. Debes suggests that regulations could be enacted through the National Trade Mark and Trade Labelling Act so that work not produced by an Inuit would be clearly marked "Imitation Inuit Art." New identification could state the artist's real name, where the product was produced and if any mass-production techniques were used. For the long term, Debes recommends changes in the current Copyright Act, which now protects individual works but does not guard against imitations of style.

One of the most successful Inuit art evaluators is Quebec sculptor Mark Parkinson, who, with his son, Ron, also a carver, makes no attempt to camouflage his nonnative identity. A Parkinson sculpture was presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1977, to mark her Silver Jubilee. Parkinson's sales agent, Sam Shabovoy, says clamping down on the mass production is a Inuit's step, but jeopardizing the creation of individual pieces in the Inuit style is going too far. "Why should a man who is Inuktitut and has a lot of talent be discriminated against because he is not an Eskimo?" The Inuit should create a monopoly on indigenous carving," said Shabovoy. Perhaps not. But in Cape Dorset, N.W.T., Inuit carver James Manning firmly declares that reproduction of Inuit works should cease. "Some white people could be easily fooled," he said. "A fake carving of my carving is not right."

—JULIE VAN DREUSE in Ottawa

SHOW BIZ

Lovers of their time

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton arrived with much fanfare in New York this week for their first time together on Broadway. The vehicle that has carried them to the Great White Way is an old play of 1930 Crawford's, *Private Lives*. His plot adds to the already rife speculations about the future marital status of the former Barons (who have been twice married and twice divorced). In the play Amanda and Elyot, five years divorced, find themselves in adjacent hotel rooms in northern France on their respective honeymoons. She has chosen a school-teacher, Victor (John Cullum), and he has married the empty-headed Ethel (Kathryn Walker). Gossip and innuendo are promptly left behind, and Amanda and Elyot return to each other's company in the play's second act. In the play's second act, it is safe to assume that the theatre-going audience is as interested, if not more so, in watching the former Barons play out their rather public private lives as the playwright as it is in seeing Crawford's old-fashioned domestic drama. As a result, the audience in gaudyest pleasure it will certainly not derive from the stagecraft of the event.

Since the same audience is likely to be awoken about how Taylor is coiffed and garbed, it is only fair to comment that she has been elusive in both departments. The 1950s Keweenaw doll herself, largely ruled by one side of her famous face, lately turned away from Amanda's sophistication. Her outfits, including a

monstrously purple gown cut close to her knees and cut just below the navel, must look like the mother of all post-natal, subliminal Amanda's taste. Geographically, the character is in limbo: her fake British accent slides off into southern belle whines and finally rests in Taylor's own tones, which would have driven Henry Higgins in some trying to place. Unmistakably repellent in vocal production, Burton is hokier in the general department but made his name from behind a towel, an unremarkable deadpan.

Creators of the *Just Age*, Amanda and Elyot should, above all, be youthful in spirit as they charmingly get on each other's nerves. One of the reasons they cannot tolerate each other for long periods (and cannot stand to be apart) is their energy—their need to be constantly doing or saying something new. But under William Somerset's direction, the sharp, sparkling banter between them keeps being fattened, and the minutes fly by like years. However, the mawkish column inches of the endorser make watching Taylor and Burton fun. She snarls at him, he spits retorts back at her. They yell and coo, he goes to her, she hits him back. *Private Lives* probably confirms any number of forced fan-tasies the public has had about how Liz and Dick have behaved in the privacy of their own villa. As Elyot remarks in the play, "Extraordinary how potent cheap music is." It says it all.

—LAWRENCE O'BRIEN

Taylor and Burton confirming any number of the public's vivid fantasies



Photo by [illegible]

CRIME

Cabbies on patrol

It was the new anti-drug program's first success. The young man got into Daniel Brown's back taxi and started to boast about the smash-and-grab jewelry robbery he had just committed. The driver, a newly recruited member of Toronto's Cops on Patrol (COP) program, called his dispatcher as soon as the man got out of the cab, and minutes later police had him in custody. The voluntary caddy organization, which had its beginnings in Phoenix in 1977, calls on participating Toronto drivers to sport a red-and-blue COP label on the side of the car and to alert police when they see a crime or disturbance as they move about the city. It is a service that many taxi drivers have always performed unofficially, but the COP program, which is being pushed by cab company executives and local politicians, seeks to formalize the arrangement. The police, in return for the help of the cabbies, have undertaken to provide instruction in reporting techniques to both drivers and dispatchers.

COP is currently used in communities in Texas, Arizona, Ohio and Colorado, but it has had mixed results elsewhere. A similar scheme was introduced in Calgary in 1979 but discontinued less than two years later after police expressed fears when overzealous cab drivers ran red lights in pursuit of offenders in Toronto, COP has signed up only 300 of the city's 2,000 cabs since the program began in March.

One reason for COP's erratic history is that many drivers do not want to be visibly identified with the police. "I feel a lot safer driving around without that COP sticker," says American Correira, a Metro cab driver for 11 years. Bruce Bell, president of Diamond Taxi & Automobile (Toronto) Ltd., one of the city's five major participating taxi organizations, believes that these objections will fade away.

Since March, Toronto taxi dispatchers have called police with reports of vandalism, fights, accidents, fires, rapes and kidnappings. In the last two weeks of March, Diamond dispatchers alone fielded 86 COP-related calls. "COP is bound to help matters," says Bell Kline, a 25-year veteran driver for Diamond. "It doesn't do us much good with the cops, though. Just yesterday they were out taking one caddy after another for not wearing seatbelts."

—SHERID HILLES in Toronto

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THEATRE

Prisoner of buffoonery

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

Adapted by Warren Graves
Directed by Robin Phillips

Young People's Theatre in Toronto is a Resident Festival for the audience and dedicated to enchanting creative imaginations with high-quality theatrical stages. Appropriately enough, therefore, *Prisoner of Zennda* is making his Toronto debut as part of the festival. Directed by Robin Phillips, the former artistic director of Theatre London is making his Toronto debut as part of the festival. Directed by Robin Phillips, the former artistic director of Theatre London is making his Toronto debut as part of the festival.

Why Phillips has chosen to direct Edmond playwright Warren Graves' adaptation of Anthony Hope's romantic novel is a mystery. The book's implausible premise, which demands outright abridgement of dubbed settings, is the substitution of the Englishman Radolf Rassendyll for his look-alike, the imprisoned Prince Rudolf of Bavaria, in order to prevent the prince's step-brother from usurping his throne. The hideously complex plot has been compressed into an impossible hour of boring exposition, made doubly unappealing by Graves' strange penchant for showing the most exciting action off-stage. The script is often tasteless hours after his father's murder, a girl casually covets with a minor. Furthermore, such lines as "The industrial base of Bavaria is an oasis" may strike adults as clever but are meaningless to children.

Phillips is actually vulnerable with his fabulous material, making the good better but also the bad worse. Ross Carver as the two Radolfs is impressive and endearing, and the wailing of Floria (Mary Ann McDonald) is rightly ferocious without degenerating into the leering buffoonery that runs much of the staging. Whenever Graves does serve up tiny dramatic agogues, the resourceful cast has sufficient polish to string together a series of enjoyable sketches, if not a coherent play. Alas, Wickham's suspicious design and Janice Lindley's obedient costumes are a delight but do not answer why so much talent was spent fashioning side parades out of one huge row's ear.

—MARK CHAMBERS



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MEDICINE

New clues to death at birth

Despite a three-per-cent increase in annual births during the past 16 years in Canada, there are two disconcerting facts: more than one in seven pregnancies end in miscarriage, and even more babies are lost at full term. That 15-per-cent loss rate for miscarriages, for example, the 11-per-cent rate in the mid-1990s. Indeed, in 1988 alone, out of about 371,000 babies born in Canada, there were more 2,700 stillbirths and 4,000 deaths within a week of delivery. While some deaths are due to such factors as inadequate health care and poor nutrition, many have no clear physical cause. But Patricia Quinn, a neurologist at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, believes that the hidden culprit may be little-known, usually transmitted neuro-angiosclerosis which, she says, are a "far bigger problem than herpes." To help Quinn prove her point, Health and Welfare Canada awarded her one-member research team—the only team of its kind in Canada—\$1 million over the next five years to shed new light on the neuro-angiosclerosis effects.

The neuro-angiosclerosis, known as neuro-angiosclerosis and which are mainly transmitted during intercourse, infect the genital tracts of many males and females without producing any overt symptoms in women. Indeed, the neuro-angiosclerosis are so common, says Quinn, that an estimated 10 to 75 per cent of people who have had three or more sexual partners have been infected. Quinn believes that the neuro-angiosclerosis is pregnant women attack the fetus with a fatal pneumonia-like illness late in pregnancy or upon birth.

Testing for a neuro-angiosclerosis infection requires taking a specimen culture from the patient. But only about 10 laboratories across Canada have the expertise to perform the procedure. Once a patient is diagnosed as having a neuro-angiosclerosis infection, Quinn prescribes an antibiotic regimen that she claims cuts the miscarriage rate in half.

The team hopes to buttress its preliminary findings with rigorous scientific tests. But Quinn cautions that her work is still experimental, that long-term effects of the drug are not known and that standard diagnostic tests should be completed as a first step. Still, she is determined to provide answers for the thousands of healthy couples buffeted by their inability to bear children.

—SANDRA BERNSTEIN in Toronto



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FOR THE RECORD

Mixing jazz and classical

SEALS OF EARTH
Patric Godfrey
(Apparatus Records)

Keith Jarrett's idiosyncratic and numerously popular solo piano recordings pose a formidable problem for his imitators. How can a pianist combine the formal elegance of classical piano music with the rhythmic spontaneity of jazz? Toronto's Patric Godfrey, probably best known as a sideman for Bruce Cockburn, errs by moving too far into the classical territory without great melodic instinct or a strong sense of structure. The two extended pieces dominating Godfrey's compositions on his second recording, *Seals of Earth*, consist of fragments, and Godfrey is too stiff an improviser to meld them together. The result is mawkish melodrama. Even the single short pieces, *Romance* and *Memento*, are not melodic enough to withstand the pianist's rather gross romanticism. The only successful venture on the album, *Secret Bell*, is distinguished by its striking similarity to Tadeusz Szulc, the theme from the movie *The Horse*. Those who have tired of affected work in the Jarrett style should return to the solo piano work of Paul Boy, Chick Corea and Andrew Hill.

NOUVELLE AFRIQUE
Aaron Davis
(C-Note Records)

Placid composer Aaron Davis has assembled an array of interesting young players from Toronto for this album, including Ron Allen (saxophones), Mike Shook (drums), Wayne Baker (trumpet), Peter Falkoff (guitar) and David McMarrow (synthesizers). The coupling of that large, rapacious ensemble with African-derived rhythms and textures promises an ambitious record. Unfortunately, Davis has provided his studio band with banal tunes and pedestrian arrangements. The visually compelling Allen cannot elevate the saxophone trio track to the level of a trendy jazz commercial, and *Strong Flow* is the sort of background music usually encountered in elevators. The nasal chording of *Forever*, a glassy, regular dash, fails to yield a melody. Finally, *Nocturne Afrique* sounds more like the product of a soldered Chick Med session than a recording session.

—BART TISDA

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FILMS

A love story with a bite

THE HUNGER
Directed by Tony Scott

With her golden mane swept into a wave on one side of her head and a cigarette constantly held to her red, full lips, Catherine Deneuve plays the world's most gorgeous vampire in *The Hunger*. She remains eternally young as her current lover (David Bowie), who is also a vampire, withers and deteriorates at an alarming rate. He calls the help of a doctor (Sanna Beronius) who is respecting the retardation of the aging process. But Deneuve bats after Sanna's death, following one of the steamiest vampire encounters on film, promises her, as all lovers promise, that it will last "forever."

As beautiful as Deneuve herself, *The Hunger* is, so far, the most visually arresting movie of the year. Shot by Stephen Goldblatt in peaty, smoky tones, the film spreads a frost for the hungry eye, and light filters through Deneuve's Macabrean town house. However, for all its style, *The Hunger* is rather stupid. The slurred-down dialogue and the chamber music quality detract from the expected pleasures of a vampire film: suspense and terror. The genre is somewhat disheveled, too. A viewer might well ask why Deneuve's lovers age and why she does not, why she can appear as a phantom to victims and yet be subject to human, physical decay; why daylight gives her no problem and mortals easily pick up her reflection.

The makers of *The Hunger* have obviously tried to place their vampire story within a human context without sufficient wealth of character to flesh it out. Bowie's portrayal threatens to become fascinating (he renders the slowing down of his body brilliantly), but he disappears too early. Beronius's bubbly, random personality is too light for her role, and visually she looks dowdy like a dead Deneuve.

With the exception of a pensive piano score that soon wears out its welcome and some midways special effects, *The Hunger* is beautifully designed and dressed and is headed for a long stay on the cult circuit. The film shows its gleaming, polished fangs but never once does it draw blood.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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A slow version of a hurtin' song

TENDER MERCIES
Directed by Bruce Beresford

The writing and some of the performances in *Tender Mercies* are so understated and rigorously restrained that the movie becomes comatose. As Mac Sledge, a once-famous country and western singer who has lost the skills, Robert Duvall underplays his character to the point of hiding it. Sledge, having seduced his wife and daughter for the sadistic arrows of booze, is a man who carries his pain inside him like a poisoner. "I don't trust happiness," he says. "I never did and I never will."

Sledge gets a reprieve from his woes when he marries a young Texas widow (Tess Harper) with a child (Allan Hubbard). But that does not stop him from wanting to perform again, and the good widow stands by her man. (All good widows in a country and western setting are brought to earth for just that, and seemingly no other, purpose.) When Sledge sees his co-wife (Betty Buckley), a successful and rich singer, he is tempted to go on one of his famous hit-gone-Harlowe Ford's screen play never tells, or even slides to, why Sledge became an alcoholic in the first place. Duvall's tensed physicality and his feelings coaxed off from the rest of the world are inviting, not illuminating. He has little history to munch or contemplate here.

Tender Mercies is Australian director Bruce Beresford's first U.S. movie. Australian directors thrive on expense, and Beresford (*Breaker Morant*) uses the giant Texas landscape to eye-pleasing advantage—and to get away from Sledge and the widow for a while. But the shuffling pace and the lack of warmth are wearisome. Life is tough and unfair, and the viewer will not likely miss the point of the sermon.

Compared to the movie's stringency of expression, Buckley's appearance as Sledge's co-wife, Dixie, seems tormented. When she performs a song, with her face framed by a mass of titian ringlets, she puts everything into what she does, and later her grief over a death has a gutsy core. Ellen Barkin, who was brilliant in *Diner*, has only two scenes as Dixie's spoiled, wayward daughter, but she makes each moment count. The shadings of her love suggest the character's autism, pride, rebelliousness and her need for love. *Tender Mercies* barbers its conservatism on the wrong people.

—L. OT

MUSIC

A long night's journey into day



An interior scene from *Rit*: An 11-hour ritual that delves to the ancient philosophical concepts of death and rebirth

By John Pearce

The Ontario Science Centre in Toronto is an improbable setting for an 11-hour dark-to-dark ritual based on ancient Egyptian rituals. Still, *Rit*, the latest and most outlandish creation of composer R. Murray Schuler, opened there last Saturday and continues this week amid a flurry of divided critical opinion. Thirty-three intensely committed singers, dancers and actors are backed up by a battery of Egyptologists, a "team consultant" for the secrets of the gods, and 100 formidable extras. Six instrumentalists play traditional Egyptian music, under the direction of George Sawas. At the same time, the haunting musical set pieces by Schuler—the highlights of which are available on a new recording from Centredisc—explore infinite sonorities of veer and percussion. And the night is redolent with hypnotic chanting which mingles ecstasy with lament.

For two years Canada Music Theatre and Schuler have labored over the "mystery drama," which runs until May 14 in Toronto and may be repeated in Holland and Egypt. The \$300,000 production re-creates the death of the sun god, Ra, his epic battles in the Underworld and his victorious rebirth at dawn. Ra's antitheses are left in the extreme. Schuler removes art from the concert hall or theatre, returning it to

its religious, political, social and frivole associations. It also claims to be a new form of theatre, drawing on all the arts and engaging all the senses. And it attempts to be a "reflective ceremony" between the audience and the performers, a symbolic journey in which philosophical concepts of death and rebirth are made personal and immediate.

The audience is restricted to 75 people a night. Each patron becomes a participant in the ritual and takes one of the 75 corners of Ra as a seal of divine protection against the terrors of the night. Practical considerations also limit the numbers, because the audience must be guided around 38 acting areas, first around the scenes' corners and then down through its decorated multi-tiered chambers and echoing stairwells. The experience is a mixture of Hellfire, mass hypnosis, first communion, group therapy, a ride on the Ghost Train at the fun fair and a series of rites sometimes reminiscent of the Maenads and sometimes of the Moaians. The whole night swings between solemnity and absurdity.

Cynics have ample fodder to criticize in Sch's aspirations to grand spectacle. For one thing, there is an unfairly vengeful 75 solid crimes bloodbath and with hands linked, wearing kaffiyas and berberies as they tread across strange surfaces and through jarring sensations. At the end of that ritual they per-

form a woe dance against the serpent monster, Apophis, in the cold midnight air. At other times they are pushed tightly in fetal positions or taught magic breathing exercises while Schuler hovers in the background like a latter-day Prospero. As well, the modern setting of Ra creates moments of comic incoherence. As the King's funeral procession, guarded by an RCMP horseman, winds its way through the grounds, there is a stirrer of snafus of Ra's cause. During the ritual scenes the audience's concentration on ancient Egypt is broken by an encounter with Canada's first space satellite, the appearance of the god Thoth at the top of an obelisk, and once with signs that counterpoint the flickering torchlight in the Netherworld.

Surprisingly, a spirit of belief and collaboration and a reverent, prayerful atmosphere take over members of the audience. Willingly they turn three sacred tones as a ballroom against ghosts and ghosts. Waiting in the chairs here, but some of the tableaux have a undeniable power. One of the strongest, called *The Opening of the Eyes and the Mouth*, is a portrayal scene resting on the King, played by Theodore Gearty. His wonderful counterpoint steals the show once from such superb voices as those of Katherine Terrell (Dixie) and Elvira James (Harriet). Other highlights include *Harvesting of Ra*, in

which has driven his son but, regrettably through a mass of writing, tortured figures, the straining of the soul, a music-for-instrument, in the audience has in darkness, a remarkable circle of loving, formed in the waters of the Netherlands and leading to a meeting entrance. The audience despite acting of Jan Philips as the jaded poet, Knibbe, adds to the effort. Massimo Perrosi's acts has been frequent because it comes at 4 a.m., after the audience has taken a one-hour break for sleep. And a midnight feast of stuffed vine leaves and yogurt salad, while symbolically sometimes interrupts the intensity of the ride.

That intensity is a challenge for anyone not interested in phantasmic Egypt. The various chants, passwords and exercises are a further problem because they are often more like party games than holy incantations, making the event resemble a romp. As for Schaefer's latter claims, he certainly "heightens" the senses, but too often is a rather inept 1960s "sacred-fiesta" way. And the rebirth is more symbolic than actualized, the clashing of hundreds of stuns is at least good exercise for every member of the audience.

Initiates to the Rite ritual have to consider not only their stamina but also the \$150 price tag, though a possible 10-day audience of 750 were lucky winners of a \$100,000 lottery that Schaefer introduced to combat charges of elitism. Some participants may feel the whole exercise pointless, a few will feel it was worth \$150.

A work like *Rite* is a predictable venture for the 40-year-old Steno, Ontario, Schaefer, Philosopher, graphic artist, writer on both romantic and Euro Pound, winner of France's prestigious Prix Hanneke, he is now an artistically fashionable heretic. Although he is deceptively self-spoken, Schaefer can be highly disquieting of musicians and actors. And as a stoicism to reveal ancient urban technology and what he calls "the totalitarian threat of pop culture," he has lost none of his acerbity.

Dismissed from the University of Toronto's Faculty of music in 1955 for insubordination, Schaefer wandered through Europe until 1961. When he returned he cofounded the innovative Ten Centuries Concerts series in Toronto, and he was artist in residence for two years at Memorial University in St.

John's. Then he settled from 1965 to 1975 in an interdisciplinary environment at Simon Fraser University in New Westminster, B.C. There he developed his process pieces with sound and his provocative theories on music education (for which he is best known outside Canada). During that period he also became prominent as a composer.

Schaefer first gained a wide audience in 1966 with *Leaving*, an impressionistic "audiovisual poem" for CBS TV, the making of which simply baffled many viewers. Since then, his incalculable political provocations, such as *Crus-*



Schaefer: philosopher, party, artist, writer and fashionable heretic.

ades for Prometheus (1961) and *Theriacs* (1967), have given way to a concern with extreme mental states and with mystical subjects. Many of his librettos use occultic language and mythology—Sanskrit, Hindu, Tibetan, Persian and now Egyptian. In Oriental philosophies he clearly sees a value for the Rite of the Way.

While Schaefer's music can appear esoteric, he is essentially a local, accessible composer. His textures are spare but luminous, and he favors a rapid, incantatory use of the voice and inventive combinations of instruments. To Schaefer the symphony orchestra is obsolete and, in Canada, he says, "is ecologically disastrous." The best of his music is transfixing, the worst is pretty but tedious.

Some people feel that Schaefer's penchant for theatre is adversely affecting his music. Few experts question the reach of his imagination. But his critics say that the works do not always justify his sweeping claims and the considerable grants from government arts councils and private foundations. Said Toronto composer David Kozak: "Murray

has a genius for making things sound spectacular and for attracting funding. But recently 90 per cent of the music has been nondescript, given the budget—rather little, I'd say, a very serious theatrical purpose. There are finite resources for new music, and it is hard to get attention for it. Given that Murray, through hard work and imagination, has more than his fair share, it would be a pity if the music were more wonderful, more substantial."

Schaefer's musical theories are certainly substantial. His most celebrated concept, pursued since set out in his 1977 book *The Texture of the World*, is the "world sound-scape," the total aural environment. The aural sound palette of nature and the human voice, says Schaefer, has been replaced by a man-made "sound screen." The composer himself has retreated from that plot of some 3000 1975 he has lived in deliberate isolation with his second wife, Jean, near Banff, Ont. Sometimes he emerges to superintend performances such as his 1977 work *Apocalypse*, a stupendous visionary undertaking presented in London. Ont. Schaefer's environmental concerns have led to experiments in remote natural amphitheatres; in 1979 he blended 12 frequencies with the sounds of dusk and dawn over a lake.

Schaefer wants to mix his work—those that can only be repeated to audiences in the conventional way and certain performances, such as his new puppet *The Presence of the Stone*. He claims to find the "repeatability" of music and theatre suspect, citing the fine workmanship of Roman coins that were actually minted in Rome, rather than in the provinces. "Further away, the workmanship got worse," he says.

From a foreign perspective, it must seem extraordinary that Canada, which has failed to produce a single world-class conductor, should have produced two such profound and "subversive" musical thinkers as Schaefer and Glenn Gould. Some of Schaefer's music is superb and will last. But possibly his exciting ideas are his most important and prophetic contribution. His theatricality will be remembered as an artist's grand folly. But its boldness and half-remembered awakenings make Schaefer's twisted dream about perfection far more intriguing than most modern-day music theatre experiments. ◇

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Besides getting more years for your money you get more car. All Volvos come with power assisted disc brakes and steering, racks, even reclining front bucket seats with

adjustable lumbar supports.

So in addition to having the car you can hold on to longer, you'll find Volvo is also the car you won't want to let go of. And you can believe it.

VOLVO

*Average life expectancy of Volvo in Sweden is 8.5 years. Based on studies of Swedish cars. The Volvo 700 series and 740 GLE. This figure is a rough estimate. © 1987 Volvo Cars Canada Ltd.



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